



No. 53.—VOL. V.

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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.

OUR OWN TRUMPET.

It is just a year since we presented this journal to the world with a modest flourish which we recall with the mellow complacency of a successful self-respect. For there can be no question that *The Sketch* has led the public captive from the first; indeed, we had commissioned one of our artists to draw for this anniversary number a symbolic picture of Una and the British Lion; but for some inexplicable reason he replied that such an application of that moral tale was too much even for *his* assurance. Nothing ministers so strongly, however, to a sense of virtue as the unsolicited testimony of admiring strangers. We have received many gratifying letters from subscribers, which are kept in a handsome volume with gilt edges and brazen clasps; and from this Golden Book of fame we venture to make some suggestive extracts.

The first letter is from two ladies who have become distinguished ornaments of an honourable profession—

SIR [we suppress the preliminary endearments, which are purely conventional],—Since we did a turn in your valuable paper we have got on *like winking*. That jolly little gent who came to see us, how he did make us *larf*! When we showed Mother *The Sketch* she cried, and said as how she would like to do for him *for nothing*. We buy your paper every week, and shall continue to do so till we are *ded*.—Yours respectfully,
THE SISTERS TIDDLEKYNs.

We have not taken advantage of the maternal gratitude to get our shirts washed for love, but we commend this touching tribute from "Mother" to the cynics who think the domestic virtues do not flower in the "halls." The spelling of the Sisters may be artless, but this consecration of their affections "till death do us part" has all the refined stimulus of spiritual matrimony.

The next letter is from a clergyman—

SIR,—I cannot help congratulating you on your paper, which is a powerful influence for righteousness. I have always protested against the narrow teaching which cuts off religion from the amusements of the people. Does not humanity in all its phases bear constant witness to ennobling principles? I never see the high kick of the skirt dancer without a feeling of thankfulness for the wonders of Nature. You remember our great bard tells us there are "sermons in stones." Why not in skirts?—Yours truly,
AN EMANCIPATED CURATE.

P.S.—Don't you think Mr. Phil May might make "The Light Side of Nature" fruitful for the reform of the Church? For instance, a contrast between "Sermons in Stones" and "Stones in Sermons" would be very useful, especially with a portrait of my late Vicar, the heaviest man of his time in the pulpit.

Our efforts to spread the taste for beauty have received varied acknowledgment. Here is a letter which ought to bring a blush to the cheek of the scoffer who says there is no disinterestedness in woman—

You are advertising a lot of girls as if they had pretty faces. I can't see anything remarkable in them, neither can my sister. She is the most beautiful girl you ever saw. She can't go out without crowds following her. If you put her picture in your paper I am sure everybody in our street would buy it, which would be a good thing for her as well as you. I should like to bring her to see you, so you can judge for yourself. If you will do this it might get her a situation in a bonnet-shop, so respectable for an orphan.
P.S.—I am rather good-looking myself.

This question of unemployed loveliness has proved one of our greatest trials, for at times the staircase leading to this office has been turned into a kind of Tower Hill by resolute ladies, armed with photographs, and demanding instant publication.

We take one more letter from the Golden Book, because it testifies to the alarm which our career has excited in the camp of dunces. Next to an honest appreciation, the highest compliment is the malevolence of dullness—

As a University man, I beg to inform you that your paper represents the most decadent tendency of the age. We live in days in which serious study is becoming more and more irksome, and an uneducated public resorts for a passing sensation to pages which can be skimmed without thought. Many a reader who might brace his intellectual energies with a leading article in the *Times* is seduced into mere frivolity by a paragraph in *The Sketch*. I always turn with disgust from your demoralising journal to bury myself in reflection inspired by an obituary notice. Several members of my club, I rejoice to say, are of my way of thinking. We discussed the subject last night, and came to the unanimous conclusion that the dearth of solid matter in so many of our papers is bound to exercise the most injurious effect on posterity.

This prediction makes no discord in the agreeable melody which we are now performing on a proverbial instrument, and which, we trust, is not inharmonious to the ears of other musicians. One of our most strenuous endeavours from the outset has been to cultivate amity with rival trumpeters. We have chronicled them and pictured them, and done our best not to ruffle their goodwill by any obtrusive proclamation of our own success. That is a

delicate reserve not very common, perhaps, in the history of journalism; but it springs from that instinct of brotherhood of which the Press ought to be, and seldom is, the great exemplar. Prosperity is often insolent; ours is affable and serene. We have never known privation, nor even the shadow of misgiving which sometimes falls on the brightest venture. Yet it is our proudest boast that we have no pride, and we start the second year of *The Sketch* with the modest conviction that our Art and Actuality have received no more than their deserts. For, as Sir Toby says, "Is it a world to hide virtues in?" We are happy to recall that in the volumes on which the lady in Mr. Dudley Hardy's picture has planted a dainty foot there are gifts which have no curtain before them, though some sour Malvolios that we wot of were mightily distempered.



THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The name Balfour came very prominently before newspaper readers this morning. The report of the arrest of Jabez Spencer Balfour, announced last night, is now corroborated. He was arrested by the British Consul in the province of Jujuy. Great satisfaction is expressed everywhere at his capture.—Mr. A. J. Balfour began the first of a series of addresses to his constituents in East Manchester last night, and it is reported at great length to-day in view of its importance.—Mr. Acland spoke at Rotherham and Mr. Bryce at Aberdeen to-night.—A new Currie liner, the Tantallon Castle, of 5800 tons gross, was launched in the Clyde to-day. It is twenty-two years since the firm launched the first of their South African fleet.—The Christ's Hospital authorities made an urgent plea to the Commissioners of Sewers not to compel them to make drainage improvements in view of the pending removal of the school to Horsham.—Mr. Harry Quilter, rather curiously, used the newspapers to-day to announce to the subscribers of the Wilkie Collins memorial that the library of fiction, which was the form the memorial took, has been placed in a room set apart for it at the People's Palace.—The Kaiser has sent Bismarck a present of old wine from the Imperial cellar. This incident has created a great sensation in Germany.—Princess Melita of Coburg-Gotha arrived at Darmstadt with her parents on a visit to her betrothed, the Grand Duke of Hesse. Her sister, the Crown Princess of Roumania, also joined the party.—The Servian situation is critical.—Peter Lechner, "the Hermit of Mount Sonnblick," was wedded yesterday to Fraulein Josepha Janschütz, at Rauris, an Alpine village.

Wednesday. "Jabez in Jujuy," as one evening paper heads its reports on Spencer Balfour, finds a champion in London in the person of Mr. Darling, M.P., who deprecates in to-day's *Times*—which is "not abreast of the 'New Journalism'"—the unfairness of the "comments, caricatures, and allegations" made by London newspapers—in a spirit of "mere provincialism"—on Balfour. Meanwhile, the Federal Court of Buenos Ayres has called on the governor of the jail in which Balfour is detained to show cause for so doing.—Political leaders are on the stump. Mr. Balfour continued his addresses at Manchester, Sir William Harcourt spoke at Derby, and Mr. Chaplin told Paddington Primrose Leaguers that the present Government was the most unpatriotic the country had ever seen.—*Truth* declares that the Princess of Wales has decided to withdraw from society. The Prince is "suffering again greatly from his old complaint."—Lord Roberts was presented with the freedom of Bristol.—Sir Philip Currie, the newly appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, was married to-day to Mrs. Singleton, better known by her literary name of Violet Fane.—The political crisis in Servia has been ended, at least temporarily, by the formation of a Ministry of Moderate Liberals.—French imports in 1893 were smaller in value than in any year since 1883, and exports than in any year since 1885.—The new explosive, Schnébélite, invented by the Abbé Schnébélin and Lieutenant Schnébélin, was tried successfully in the Argenteuil quarries, near Paris. Its basis is chlorate of potash, it has enormous shattering and penetrative power, will not ignite by concussion or friction, is almost smokeless, and can be prepared with remarkable facility and cheapness.—The German Emperor has written a letter to Prince Bismarck, in which he offers him a suite of rooms in the Royal Palace at Berlin.

Thursday. "Darby and Joan" would be an appropriate substitute for the bald title "Sir William Harcourt and his Constituents," for the speeches the Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered at the Derby Liberal Club and the Derby Burns Club to-night were as full of humour as the old-fashioned love-story is supposed to be. His remark that Burns was a "leading Liberal" was a rather novel phrase applied to the poet Burns, whose anniversary was celebrated to-day.—Lord Armstrong has purchased, subject to the approval of the Charity Commissioners, Bamfborough Castle, once a fortress, now a house of charity. Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, the birthplace of Lord Macaulay, has been sold for £40,000.—The North London Permanent Commercial Building Society, established in 1855, has some £37,000 missing. An instrument-case maker named J. R. R. Fitt, who has been its secretary since its start, was remanded at the Clerkenwell Police Court to-day on the charge of falsifying the books of the society.—Mitchell was beaten by Corbett this afternoon in the third round. Both men were arrested after the fight.—M. Challemlacour was "received" into the French Academy, and delivered a critical eulogy on Renan, to whose chair he succeeds.—Spain claims an indemnity of £1,200,000 from Morocco, representing the cost of the recent expedition to Melilla.

Friday. A good deal of destruction was caused by a gale to-day. A Glasgow iron ship stranded in St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, and the crew were rescued with difficulty. There was a great subsidence of the Sandgate sea-wall, and a portion of the cliff between Brighton and Rottingdean gave way, causing £3000 damage.—Several important appointments are announced. Lord Shand has been appointed Chairman of the Miners' Conciliation Board, the Rev. C. W. Stubbs Dean of Ely, the Rev. E. C. Wickham Dean of Lincoln, and Mr. Alfred Emden Judge of the Lambeth County Court.—Inspector Tonbridge sailed from Southampton for South America to bring back Jabez Balfour.—Mr. A. J. Balfour presided over a meeting of the Psychical Research Society, at which a paper by Mr. Andrew Lang on

"Cock Lane and Common-Sense" was read.—This was the ninth anniversary of Gordon's death, and his statue in Trafalgar Square was decorated with wreaths.—The Khedive has withdrawn all adverse criticism of the frontier force, and agrees to remove Maher Pasha.—Prince Bismarck reached Berlin this afternoon, and was received at the station by Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother, and at the Royal Palace by the Kaiser himself. In the evening he left for Friedrichsruh.—A chief named Gouthili has been elected King of Dahomey in succession to Behanzin.

Saturday. The French Chamber of Deputies enjoyed itself this evening with an acrimonious debate on an interpellation brought forward on the recent arrests of Anarchists. One member, M. Thivrier, insisted on shouting "Long live the Commune!" A detachment of the Republican Guards had to be called in to remove him, and a scene of great excitement followed, the words "Murderers!" and "Communards!" being shouted by the opposing parties. M. Thivrier will not be allowed to attend the next fifteen sittings of the House.—The Theatre Royal, Rochdale, and the Chislehurst Mineral Works were destroyed by fire this morning.—Mr. Chamberlain was present at the annual dinner of the Birmingham Jewellers' Association to-night, and he tried to comfort his hosts amid the trade depression of the moment, which, he said, had this compensation, that it enabled manufacturers to devise more economical methods of manufacture and to find new outlets for their productions.—The death is announced of Mr. Edward Reynolds, the editor of *Reynolds's Newspaper*. He had been connected with the journal since its establishment in 1850, and ceased to discharge his editorial duties only last August. He was the oldest editor in London.—This was the birthday of the Emperor William.

Sunday. The Playgoers' Club held their tenth annual dinner to-night in the Criterion Restaurant. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in proposing the health of the club, said the drama must always be young. Mr. Edmund Routledge proposed the health of Mr. Pinero, whom he characterised as the greatest dramatist of the day. Mr. Pinero spoke of the first-nighters of twenty years ago as the ancestors of the club, and of the club as the auxiliary critics of the drama.—A meeting convened by the Waiters, Waitresses, Barmen, and Domestic Servants' Union was held in Hyde Park this afternoon to ventilate their grievances. They want a central registry office under Government control.—The famous chapel of Gray's Inn was opened, after its restoration, by the Bishop of Marlborough.—Dubois defeated by one lap Linton, the English cycle champion, in a hundred miles' race in Paris to-day.—Count Edmund Zichy, a Hungarian nobleman, who distinguished himself by opposing Kossuth, died to-day.—The Pope celebrated Mass in St. Peter's.

Monday. The house—No. 17, Gough Square, Fleet Street—in which Dr. Johnson lived for ten years, 1748-58, and in which he wrote the greater part of his dictionary, is to be pulled down. It is suggested in some of to-day's papers that the Johnson Club should make some effort to save it. A sketch of this club will be found elsewhere in our pages.—During the first nine months of 1893 740 people were killed and 3029 injured on the railways in the United Kingdom.—The City of London Police held their annual ball this evening.—A funeral service in memory of the late Sir Gerald Portal was held to-day at St. Paul's Church, Wilton Place. The burial takes place to-morrow at Laverstoke.—Lord Cromer is suffering from influenza.—Prince Bismarck has got over the fatigue inseparable from his visit to Berlin.

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Sole Lessee and Manager.

EVERY EVENING at 8.30.

THE CHARLATAN.

A new play of Modern Life, by Robert Buchanan.

At 8, SIX PERSONS.

MATINEE OF THE CHARLATAN, Saturday next, Feb. 3, at 2.30.

Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 to 5.

HAYMARKET.

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TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7.30.

MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME, CINDERELLA.

Written by Mr. Horace Lennard.

"The very prettiest fairy play seen in the memory of the oldest playgoer."—Daily Telegraph. Box-office open 10 to 5. Seats secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—AUGUSTIN DALY'S

COMPANY OF COMEDIANS. EVERY EVENING, at 8, until further notice (doors open 7.30), Shakspeare's comedy of TWELFTH NIGHT. MISS ADA REHAN as VIOLA. "A companion picture to her Rosalind and her Katherine."—Times. "This enchanting comedy has never been given to the present generation with such harmony and good taste."—Telegraph. MATINEES OF TWELFTH NIGHT, Saturday next, and Saturdays, Feb. 10, 17, and 24, at 2 o'clock. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.

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TWICE DAILY, 12 noon and 6 p.m.

Admission everywhere, including Reserved Seat for Grand Spectacle, 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. No extra charges. Seats from 3s. booked at all Box-offices and at Olympia.

NIMROD CLUB.

The CLUB HOUSE will be OPEN for the use of MEMBERS

on MONDAY, Feb. 5 next.

12, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

C. ASHBURNHAM FLOYD, Secretary.

Phil May
94.



"HOUP-LA!"

DRAWN BY PHIL MAY.

LEOPOLD WENZEL.

A MONOGRAPH.

"The ballet will soon be withdrawn, and then we shall be losing M. Wenzel."

I was in the lounge of the Empire, eulogising "Katrina," and the foregoing was the acting manager's remark.

I sat down to think over the matter, and as I did so "Katrina" came to an end in a wild lament of dying melody.

So Leopold Wenzel, successor to Hervé, composer of the music to such ballets as "Versailles" and "Orfeo," was going.

I imagined that his departure would give rise to much regret, and my impression was speedily confirmed. Madame Katti Lanner's kind face became quite clouded when she talked about it to me, and in front managers, pressmen, clubmen, and all the patrons of the gorgeous house expressed genuine concern.

A few days ago I called on M. Wenzel, and in the course of a lengthy conversation he told me something of his life and work. He lives within a stone's-throw of the Empire, and I found him sitting in a room adorned with innumerable *objets d'art*, in the company of his charming wife. From a heap of interesting facts I will select a few. He was born in Naples in 1847, and entered the Conservatoire of San Pietro

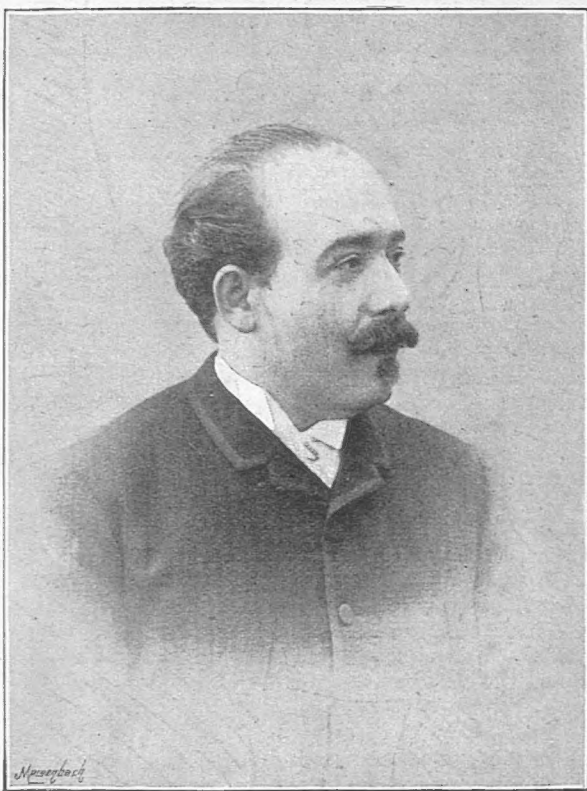


Photo by A. Thomas, Paris.

LEOPOLD WENZEL.

Majella when only nine years old. After four years' study he went to Athens and gave violin recitals, and when but fifteen a truant disposition led him to travel through Greece, Turkey, and Egypt. Then he wandered on to Cyprus, and thence went to Marseilles, and finally to Paris. There he experienced those hardships which, if a man is made of the right material, tend in the long run to improve him. At length, after much weary waiting, M. Olivier Métra, who was *chef d'orchestre* of the Elysée-Montmartre, found a place for him, and since then his career has been one of steady progress. His first production, entitled "Le Drapeau de la Liberté," was produced in 1870, and was followed by other works which brought him into further notice.

In 1881 he was made an *Officier d'Académie*, and three years later composed the music to a comic opera, "La Cour d'Amour," which was produced at the Eden Theatre; while in 1888 "Les Dragons de la Reine," likewise from his pen, saw the light at the Gaité.

A year after this he came to the Empire, and has only just left it. Among musicians he gives the palm to Berlioz, and thinks he has been influenced by his work. When composing he does not use a piano, but allows the libretto to inspire him. On an average he takes nine weeks to write the music of a ballet, but he wrote "Katrina" in thirty-one days and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in forty-seven. In the history of his life lies the history of his music. He has lived in the home of art, and the dwellings of music and song are familiar to him. He has caught the spirit of melody which exists in lands where the sky is always bright and the air ever fresh. His music throbs with that vital essence which carries one reading an idyl of Theocritus from fog-bound London to sun-caressed Sicily. He has more than the mere technical accuracy of the schools; his inspirations are poetic as well as musical.

The art of the composer of good ballet music is a difficult one. The musician's mission seems to be the granting rather than the receiving of assistance from the stage. For the ballet he takes, or should take, the place assigned to the *vox humana* stop of an organ. M. Wenzel's music,

now that he has conquered the old tendency to very heavy orchestration, has in such productions as "Katrina" reached the highest point of excellence. It speaks to all of those who have ears to hear with. Rising and falling, crying, entreating, applauding, regretting, presenting innumerable suggestions of ideas unexplored and melodies scarcely worked out, it shows in every phase a marvellous luxuriance of conception and a remarkable knowledge of the resources of the modern orchestra. Then, again, he is always in complete accord with the tale his music is illustrating, now and again rising to Wagnerian heights of melodious passion. Take, for example, the vision of "Temptation" in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." At first, the combination of sensuous music and fierce harmonies of colour, together with the throbbing spirit of life which comes across the footlights, stirs spectators into a frenzy of excitement. The spells of the siren are woven, but just as she is on the verge of triumph some good spirit intervenes. In a moment the mad dance music dies away, and is succeeded by a strain so different that one feels a sensation akin to that which causes us to shiver when the Venus *motif* breaks through the "Prayer of the Pilgrims" in the Tannhäuser overture. I have seen men who could not discriminate between Gluck's "Ah! che farò" and Sullivan's "Lost Chord" awed by M. Wenzel's higher flights. I have seen glasses put down, cigars allowed to go out, and a look of unrest give place to an expression of puzzled relief when some bold passage has come to a brilliant end. He revels in musical bouquets. Sometimes his inspiration seems to come like a huge crested wave of melody. It gathers, and on the crest the violins sport with the *motif*; it breaks, and with grand effect the orchestra carries the melody on many instruments; it dies away, and the drums sound like a wave when it recedes, gathering up its waters from the resisting stones of the shore.

His departure from the Empire is unfortunate in many respects. What a pity that even at the eleventh hour we do not hear that he has decided to remain in England, and to continue the work which has been so beneficial to the Empire and to himself. If this may not be, if the brilliant work of nearly five years must come to an end, one can only hope that M. Wenzel will find an Empire and that the Empire will find a Wenzel.

S. L. B.

AMATEUR ACTING.

The Crystal Palace District Athenæum Club gave their fifty-eighth entertainment on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the pieces selected



for production being "Stolen Kisses," by Paul Meritt, and "Gentle Gertrude," by Edgar Pemberton. The performances were quite up to this club's standard.



MISS ADA BLANCHE AS ROBINSON CRUSOE, AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"THE TRANSGRESSOR," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

A crash, screams, groans, men rushing about, plenty of Italian oaths, and then began the extrication of the injured from the wreckage of the train. Among them was the two-months' wife of Eric Langley. A shock and injury to the brain was her hurt. Everything that money and medicine can command was done for her vainly. Even trepanning or trephining, the strange operation of which you can find curious descriptions in Balzac's "Sur Catherine de Médicis" and in S. Le Fanu's "The House by the Churchyard," proved fruitless. The woman had become mad in a moment, and the last recollection of her by the fond husband was of a ghastly, distorted face and a hideous, vague scream that ever rose in his mind when he tried to think of her as she used to be, and obscured sweet memories, and so killed love.

The mechanical forces of nature went on working, though the woman as human being had died, and in due season Eric found himself father of a little girl who, save in the eyes of the law, was motherless. He took her over to England, and there lived the tedious life of a wealthy man with a sorrow. Work, the panacea for almost all human ills, was needless, and the "struggle for life," which by its intensity reconciles most of us to existence, since it does not allow us time to dwell on its miseries, proved no safety-valve to him, for living was made as easy to him as life was hard to bear. Years went by; the girl grew up a curious, whimsical creature, strangely learned and strangely ignorant, like the daughters of most widowers, and she was always told that her mother had died long ago in Italy.

Langley dragged along a maimed life, a sort of prisoner with a drag-ball of iron chained to his leg, but his lot was negatively happy till a handsome young woman, Sylvia Woodville, came to stay at the house. Forgetful that his mad wife still lived, or, perhaps, remembering the fact, he fell in love with Sylvia. She loved him and thought him free. He told her that he loved her, permitted her to think him a widower, and induced her to consent to a secret wedding. Of course, when pushed, he found an excuse for this—he believed that had he told the truth she would have run her risk and married him; yet he was unwilling that she should have the pain of thinking and knowing that he was anxious she should not even lower herself in his eyes by consenting.

Now, Sylvia had another lover, a persistent parson named Meredith, and the truth came out through him. He overheard Langley's confession to his future son-in-law, Gerald Hurst, that he was a bigamist. Of course, this shocked him deeply, so he went off and told Sylvia's uncle, Colonel Foster—a tedious person—and her widowed mother, a petticoat Argan, a *malade imaginaire* of the most selfish order. These two took a strong view of the case, and promptly announced the brutal truth to Sylvia. She refused to believe it till Eric admitted his guilt and made his lame excuses. After a stormy scene her first feeling of indignation passed away, and she began to ask herself how she could live away from him, and answer that it would be impossible; just as she discovered this in came the uncle and her mother and found her in Eric's arms. She absolutely refused to give him up, so Colonel Foster left the room, vowing to take criminal proceedings.

Now, Meredith was faithful in a fashion, and offered to wed her despite the affair, and she, in order to gain time for Eric's escape, pretended to accept his suit; yet she soon told him the truth, whereupon he retired, promising to keep her secret. Then she tried to soften the Colonel, and seemed likely to succeed, when Eric appeared. He had arrived at a curious conclusion. He admitted that he had not only broken the law, but been a coward and thief as well, and he felt that he should be punished. Therefore, it seemed best to him to appeal to the law to vindicate itself, to give himself up to justice, and take his punishment. This course required Sylvia's consent, and she reluctantly gave it, promising to remain faithful to him until he reappeared in public, and then to become his wife *de facto*, if not *de jure*.

The play is curiously handled: it is daring and timid, clumsy and skilful, original and conventional, bombastic and lifelike. At its best it shows that Mr. A. W. Gattie is a man with dramatic instincts, with some originality of mind and ideas of his own, but it suggests no touch of genius, no grasp of character, no capacity for self criticism. Much of the dialogue must be cut, and the heroine's speeches need careful revision. When Sylvia in a "supreme moment" says "I stand unarmoured and defenceless before you" one is disposed to smile. However, despite its faults, "The Transgressor" deserves to be seen, for it is an earnest and not wholly unsuccessful effort to deal with real life, and, in a few passages that can easily be cut it is tedious, at times it is deeply interesting.

The new play has no little adventitious interest in the appearance of Miss Olga Nethersole as heroine. She, the most promising actress of her experience that we have, gave a remarkable performance, showing power, tenderness, and some touch of comedy, marred a little, perhaps, by exaggeration in mechanical details. Yet, whatever one may say in dispraise, it was a piece of admirable acting well worth the student's attention.

Miss Bessie Hatton is a clever girl, whose work always shows some individuality, for which, however, she had hardly scope as Eric's daughter, and the same may be said of Mr. Seymour Hicks as her lover. Skilful acting was given by Miss Fanny Coleman and Mr. C. Brookfield to small parts, but the lachrymose method of Mr. Elwood quickly made his Eric monotonous and wearisome, and Mr. James Fernandez was colourless and tedious as Colonel Foster.

MONOCLE.

A PANTOMIME PERI.

To hazard the assertion that Miss Lena Ashwell is as charmingly unaffected in manner when she is chatting with a representative of *The Sketch* in her dressing-room as when she trips across the stage of the Comedy Theatre as Liza, the long-haired German maiden in the charming production of "The Piper of Hamelin," is, indeed, paying her a high compliment, and you are the more surprised at the young lady's self-possession when she laughingly volunteers the information that this is the first time she has submitted to the ordeal of an interview.

"I cannot claim to being either a southerner or a north-country-woman," she began gaily, "for I was born at sea, and come of a long line of naval people."

"I am the first of my family," she continued, in answer to a question, "who has entered the profession, and my first bent was musical rather than dramatic, for you must know I began as a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music. It was while there, forming part of the dramatic class, that I was seen acting by Miss Ellen Terry, who has ever since then been more than kind to me—in fact, it was she who spoke of me to Mr. Comyns Carr, just before he offered me my present engagement."

"And did you go through the whole Academy course? I presume, Miss Ashwell, that you also belong to the group of artistes who are all in favour of the Conservatoire system?"

"I cannot say that," she replied thoughtfully. "It is well that the beginner should be taught certain elementary lessons—deportment and voice production, for instance—but there is nothing like real experience to be gained at a Conservatoire, and to any girl who came to me for advice on the subject of dramatic training I would most emphatically say, 'Be content at first, ay, and for a long time afterwards, with good understudy parts.' It is far better to be understudy to a great actress than to constantly play a tiny rôle, for in the one case you learn something fresh every night, and in the other you do not advance a step."

"To return to your career?"

"I was only two years at the Royal Academy of Music, and made my *début* at the Grand Theatre, Islington, in the part of a young servant, and, oh, how frightened I felt! I then went on tour with Mr. Alexander, and returned to London in order to play the part of Dora in 'Man and Woman,' a play produced at the Opéra Comique."

"And now you are in pantomime," I observed. "Do you enjoy it?"

"You see, this sort of pantomime is so exceptionally delightful," she answered brightly; "children form very keen and intelligent audiences. But I am also understudy for Miss Emery in 'Sowing the Wind.'"

"But being an understudy must surely be disheartening work?"

"Indeed, not," replied pretty Liza, quite eagerly. "On the contrary, it is very interesting from many points of view, and, as I have already told you, of invaluable help to those who have to buy their knowledge by experience."

"Do I suffer from stage-fright? Yes, indeed; I am horribly nervous, and this is the more strange that I thoroughly love my work, and feel quite miserable when I am doing nothing. Can I think of anything else to tell you? Well, no; you see, I have not yet learnt how to cope with the interviewer. One thing I should like to say"—enthusiastically—"namely, that this is the most delightful theatre, from stageland point of view, in the world, and in Mr. Comyns Carr we have the kindest and most considerate of managers, to say nothing of the debt of gratitude we owe Mrs. Comyns Carr for her beautiful costume designs. I am not one of those who think gowns of small account; both on and off the stage, I consider that a woman gains immensely by being prettily dressed. But, hark! the first act is just beginning, and I must say good-bye"—and presently, pausing on my way out, I heard Miss Ashwell singing—

A youth there was who loved a little maiden,
And whispered, "Sweet, how dear thou art to me!"
She laughed, and ran away into the greenwood,
Where birds were singing loud from every tree.
"Now May is near!" they sang so clear,
"And May's the merry time of wooing!"
The simple maiden blush'd to hear,
But hoped—the youth was still pursuing!
Her cheeks like roses were, her eyes
The same soft blue as the blue skies.
She was very simple, very simple, very simple,
Oh, so simple!
And yet within her heart began to sound
The same glad song the birds were singing round!
Though she was but a simple country maiden
She loved that song, "How dear thou art to me!"
And she beckoned to her lover through the greenwood,
While the birds were singing loud on every tree.

The happy youth came running to the maiden,
And kissed her on the lips with kisses three!
She hid her blushing face upon his bosom,
And who in all the world was glad as he?
Afar and near the birds sang clear
"May is the merry time of wooing!"

The happy lovers laugh'd to hear,
And kiss'd again, their bliss renewing,
They were very simple, very simple, very simple,
Oh, so simple!

And yet the wisest man alive that day
Could not be wiser in love's ways than they.
Though she was but a simple country maiden,
And he a simple swain of low degree,
They understood the message of the May-time
Which the birds were singing loud from every tree.



MISS LENA ASHWELL AS LIZA IN "THE PIPER OF HAMELIN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

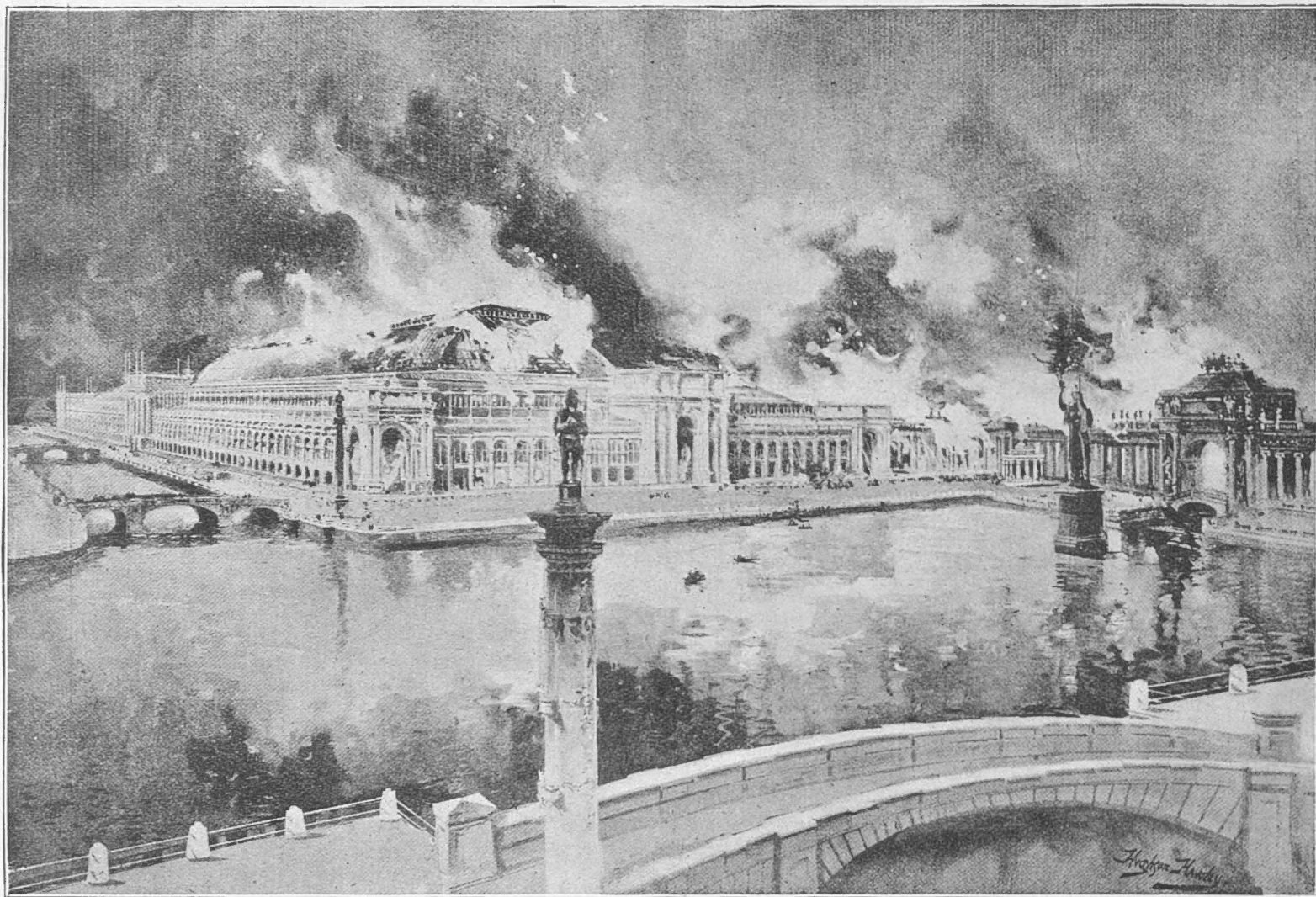
LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The weather has been trying to pleasantly cheat us into the belief that spring has begun already. The past week has been almost worthy of April, with blue skies and shining sun, and air as mild and balmy as can be. The Bois has consequently been crowded every day, both in the morning and afternoon, by smartly dressed promenaders. I noticed that nine out of every ten dresses consist of a perfectly plain cloth skirt and a double-breasted *bolero*, either in sealskin, astrakan, or plush, the headgear being almost always the same—a small toque, on which a little of everything is piled, such as a bunch of violets, one red rose, a fur tail, a jet aigrette, the whole finished with a white lace veil. I know this sounds horrible, but in reality it has a most *chic* appearance on a French or American, although utterly impossible and unbecoming to an English woman.

The *demi-mondaines* are always to the fore in the Law Courts just now, either for one thing or the other. Madame la Comtesse Jouffroy d'Abban is the latest litigant, in an appeal against a decision in which she was the defendant, the complainant, who gained his case, being

most of the dresses of the Czarina, and who exhibited a crimson velvet mantle, lined with ermine, and valued at £5000, at her luxurious apartments, supposed to be destined for her Imperial Majesty. Madame Apparutti committed suicide shortly after her frauds were discovered, and it is from her life insurance that several of her victims are trying to recover. Her *sang-froid* and imagination must have been simply astonishing. One tale was that she had discovered some very old Gobelins tapestries in a château near Voiron, in the Isère department. She persuaded M. Mollerat that she had entered into negotiations with the owner to buy them for the Russian Court, and asked him to advance her the sum of £2000 for this purpose. This he willingly did, as he thoroughly believed her, especially as she said she had engaged M. Maloysel, a noted expert from the Gobelins factory, to accompany her. On her supposed way back from Voiron she stopped at Beaune and lunched with M. Mollerat, to whom she gave a most graphic description of her journey, even to the name of the hotel where she and M. Maloysel stayed and the *menus* of the meals.

At Courcelles-Levallois, one of the stations of the Ceinture line, a most ludicrous and laughable incident happened recently. A butcher



THE FIRE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

M. Fernandez. The latter was at one time an intimate friend of Madame d'Abban, who is better known by her former name of Marie Chabond, and to save her property from seizure by her creditors signed bills to the amount of £2000, which are falling due. He refused to pay, and demanded their restitution, alleging that they had been given for an immoral consideration. The marriage contract of the lady was read in court, and caused much amusement. The Count was possessed at the time of four family portraits, the patent of three useless inventions, and some articles of wearing apparel, which were all most carefully cited. The Countess, on the other hand, was plethoric with this world's goods, including valuable furniture, horses, carriages, a steam-yacht of sixty tons, magnificent jewellery, and £5000 in the bank, and last, but not least, a number of "I promise to pay the sum of ——" from her many lovers. The Prince de Melissano had signed for 49,000 fr., Prince Henry Reuss XX. for 35,000 fr., the Count de Bari for 12,000 fr., the Vicomte de la Beaume for 20,000 fr., &c.—all of which will doubtless be very difficult to recover. In the contract it was also stipulated that the spouses should share the household expenses in proportion to their incomes. The poor Count, therefore, would have to pay quite a halfpenny *per diem* as his share!

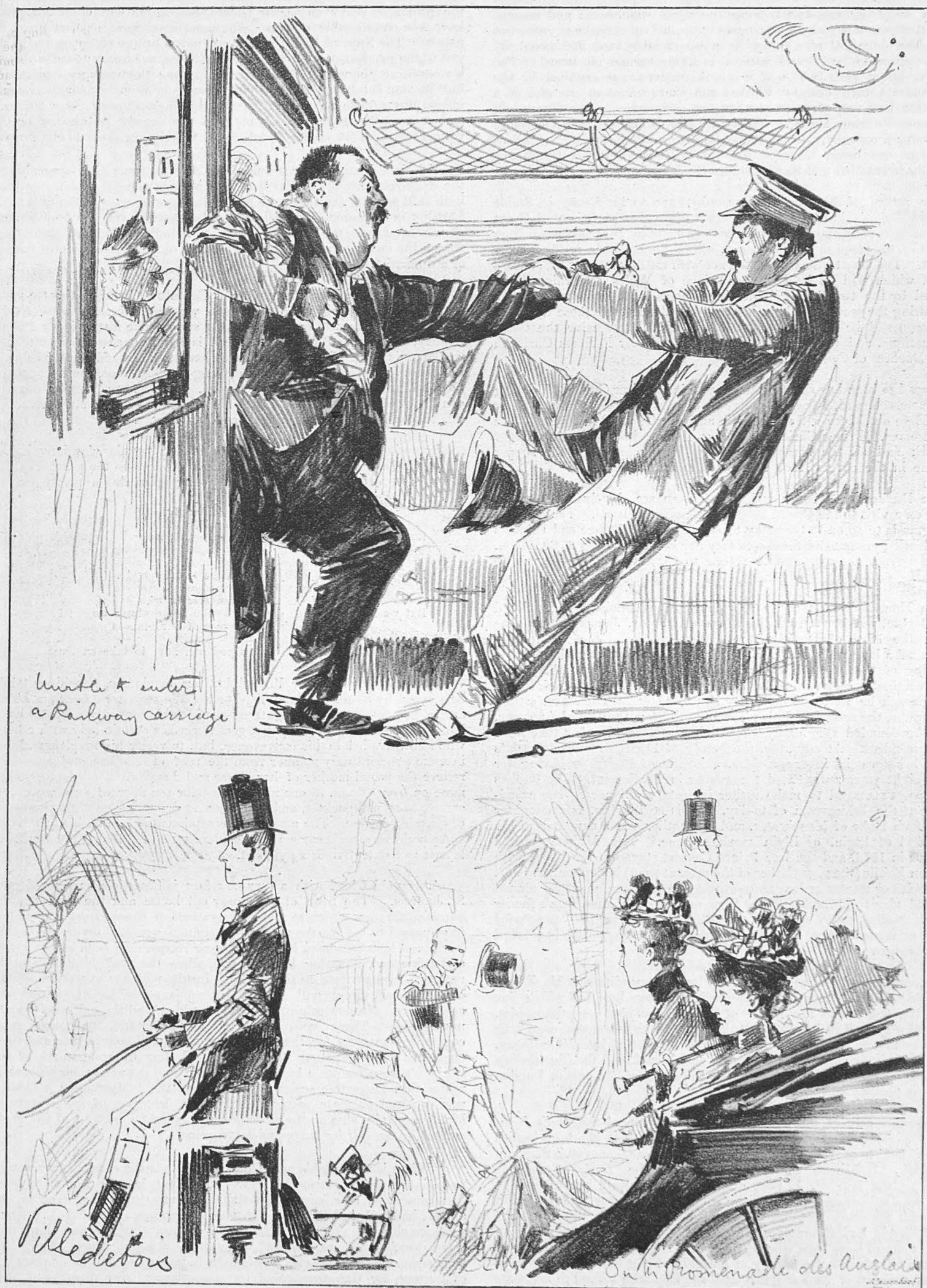
M. Mollerat, a judge of the Civil Tribunal at Beaune, is trying to recover from the estate of Madame Apparutti the sum of £4000 lent to this adventuress. It may be remembered that she was the famous *couturière* who deceived nearly all Paris into the belief that she made

took a ticket for Auteuil, but found he was too stout to get into the railway carriage. Aid was not lacking, and in spite of being pulled in front and pushed behind he couldn't manage it, and, to make matters worse, it was suddenly discovered that he was stuck fast, half-way in and half-way out! At last he was hauled backwards on the platform with a pop like the cork coming out of a ginger-beer bottle, and the train departed without him. He was eventually conveyed to his destination by a goods train, seated on the top of some empty casks, which wounded his dignity most frightfully. Now he has begun an action against the railway company for refusing to let him travel in a compartment and for constructing their carriages too small. He declares it doesn't matter whether he weighs a hundred or five hundred kilos; the moment he has paid for his ticket they are obliged to convey him, and decently, too.

MIMOSA.

THE CATASTROPHE AT CHICAGO.

As already noted in these pages, three of the magnificent World's Fair structures are in ruins, having been destroyed by fire on the night of Jan. 8. The fire started in the Casino and followed the Peristyle to the Music Hall, whence it leaped to the Manufactures Building, containing some 1,500,000 dollars' worth of exhibits, ready for shipment, which were damaged to the amount of 200,000 dollars. The Casino, Peristyle, and Music Hall were destroyed, and the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building partly burned. The total loss is estimated at 1,000,000 dollars.



SMALL TALK.

The royal yacht Victoria and Albert is being thoroughly overhauled and refitted, in readiness to convey her Majesty to the Continent. This vessel must form an expensive item in the Navy Estimates, for she is continually wanting something done to her. Four years ago, over £50,000 was expended in replacing certain portions of the machinery and in re-gilding and upholstering the royal state-rooms and saloons, while last year a large sum was again expended on additional redecoration. The china bill alone must be a considerable item, for somebody would appear to be blessed with a breaking mania on board. The services, all of plain white of a special pattern, are supplied by the Derbyshire Crown Pottery Works, and the account at the end of a year must be a very pleasant one—to the proprietors. The Queen will be attended during her stay abroad by the Dowager Lady Churchill, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Major Bigge, and a maid of honour. Various alterations are being made at the Villa Fabbriotti, and the heavy expenditure entailed will be paid by her Majesty out of the Privy Purse.

The return of Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane to his house in Stable Yard, St. James's Palace, is a significant sign that the time of Court functions is rapidly approaching. Sir Spencer came back last week from Brympton, his place in Somersetshire, where he has been residing since August. The Court year will commence with the first *levée* at St. James's Palace, which will be held by the Prince of Wales, and this will be followed by the two "early" Drawing Rooms, which will probably be held during the second week in March. At the first of these functions the Queen will be present, as her Majesty will then receive the Corps Diplomatique, and the second will be held by either Princess Christian or the Duchess of Connaught.

There has been less shooting than usual in Windsor Great Park during the past season, and, although enormous bags were made by every party that did go out, there will still remain an immense stock of pheasants in the preserves. Prince Christian, who as Ranger is practically ruler of the park and all the arrangements, has largely increased the supply of game in the covers since he took command.

The Duchess of Albany and her children are shortly going to the Hague on a visit to the Queen Regent of the Netherlands. The Duchess is afterwards to go on to Germany to stay with the Prince and Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Bentheim. The Duchess is not expected to return to Claremont until the middle of April.

The Hon. Nellie Bass, the only daughter and heiress of Lord and Lady Burton, will be married this afternoon to Mr. James Evan Bruce Baillie, the laird of Dochfour, in Inverness-shire. The Baillies are "chiefs wi' a lang pedigree," for tradition tells us that somewhere in the beginning of the fifteenth century the three eldest sons of the house, which originally came from Lanarkshire, fatally thrashed their tutor, cleric though he was, and then they had to "bolt." The eldest settled in Inverness, the second in Ireland, and the third in the Isle of Anglesey, where he founded the family of which the Marquis of "that ilk" is a descendant. At any rate, the family of Dochfour and its cadets are well known in Inverness-shire, a Baillie of Redcastle having for twenty-eight years represented the county in Parliament. The Baillies have always managed to make rather important alliances. The grandmother of the bridegroom of to-day, who is still living, is a daughter of the fifth Duke of Manchester, and his mother was a daughter of the great Earl of Elgin, of Elgin marbles fame. Her Majesty visited Dochfour in 1873, and the late Prince Consort stayed in the house with Mr. Evan Baillie (the grandfather of the present laird) in September, 1847. The Dochfour estates in Inverness-shire and Ross-shire yield an annual rental of about £18,000. There is no need to tell Miss Bass's family history. Suffice it to say that one William Bass in 1777 purchased a house at Burton, where he built a brewery. All the world has heard of that brewery.

A monument of tireless research and lavish expenditure is Mr. Edwin J. Brett's "Ancient Arms and Armour" (Sampson Low), of which fine volume the Queen and the Prince of Wales have just accepted copies. Mr. Brett may well feel gratified at the result of his labours in compiling what is certain to be a standard work on a subject of interest to many. The book is most handsomely printed and bound, and the illustrations have their origin in the author's famous collection of armour in London and at his country seat in Thanet.

In another part of this issue an account is given of the *Daily News* and its present conductors. The journal attained its forty-eighth birthday last week, and many readers sent their congratulations on the event. I believe the first leader in the *Daily News* was written by the late W. J. Fox, a somewhat wayward but undoubted genius, who represented Oldham in Parliament for a time, and had much to do with the early fortunes of South Place Institute. Mr. Fox had great ability in logical oratory, which lost little of its effectiveness in type. It would have been wise of the *Daily News*, and interesting as an inside contribution to the history of journalism, if it had given last week a careful account of its early rise and the men who helped to make its success; but perhaps this is reserved for the jubilee of the great Liberal organ in two years time.

A good deal more will be heard in the future of the rising dramatist, Mr. Sutton Vane, whose latest play, dealing with life in the cotton industry, is spoken of for early production at the Adelphi. It might be premature to say that upon him will fall the mantle of the lamented Henry Pettitt, and yet, if one may judge from the quality of his previous work, Mr. Vane is pretty sure to make his mark as a melodramatist in the West End. This he has already done at the outlying theatres, in the provinces, and even in the United States, for several of his plays have won considerable success. The sensational incident that gives its title to "The Span of Life" is that wherein a bridge of living bodies is, just at the psychological moment, formed across a chasm. "For England" is an exciting "equestrian and military" drama; there was some good stuff in "Beyond the Breakers" and "Vengeance is Mine"; very interesting indeed was a little piece prettily named "Then Flowers Grew Fairer," and success has been the lot, both on the regular boards and on the variety stage, of the racing sketch called "Terry; or, True to His Trust."

Mr. Vane is still in the prime of life, was for some time a member of the stock company at the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel, and has utilised with skill some of the things he learnt during a sojourn in South Africa. Fertility in invention, fair skill in plot-construction and the development of character, and the power of writing dialogue of literary quality are among the characteristics that give promise of Mr. Sutton Vane's success as a dramatist.

In the Drury Lane pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," theatre-goers have a chance of seeing two gentlemen who are, I believe, respectively, the tallest and shortest comedians on the stage. The former is Mr. Robert Stanley, who stands 6 ft. 4 in., while it is hardly necessary to state that the latter is Little Tich. Mr. Stanley has been engaged to play Edward the First (Longshanks), and a very long-shanked monarch he appears. He also understudies Mr. Ben Brown, the Amazon Queen, another gentleman of many inches. Little Tich, as all the world must know by this time, most humorously represents Man Friday.

Reproductions of the harem are becoming popular, for long before the version at "Constantinople in London" there was the glimpse of the one in "Morocco Bound," where the young ladies sing a pretty song of Adrian Ross's—

We're a galaxy of beauty,
And we shine in wifely duty
Round the husband whose refulgence makes our little twinkle pale;
For our lord and master dreaded
Is considerably wedded,
Like a Solomon in glory on a rather smaller scale.
We're a regular *pot-pourri*
Of the finest brands of houri,
But we keep our faces covered, as the law declares we must;
Though the languor of our glances
May awake poetic fancies,
Yet the rest of our perfections you will have to take on trust.

The services of George Roadnight, 'bus conductor, should certainly be secured by either Scotland Yard or the Westminster Aquarium. This astute person—a perfect lightning-conductor—not only suspected the blandishments of two male passengers towards a certain lady with a baby who also travelled in his conveyance, but, to verify his suspicions, hung in some extraordinary manner from the roof of his 'bus, and saw them relieve the proud mother of her purse and handkerchief. Getting once more on *terra firma*, if one may so describe the floor of an omnibus, he arrested the pickpockets, and succeeded in delivering one into the hands of offended justice. The magistrate complimented him on his behaviour, and should he ever become a non-conductor he might certainly win fresh laurels as a detective or a gymnast.

A very old friend with a very new face is Christie's, in King Street, St. James's. The front of the dingy old house and the unpretending entrance through which so many generations of *connoisseurs* and dealers have passed to bid for the millions of pounds' worth of art treasures that have been knocked down in these historic rooms have been swept away, and a fine and imposing building will, when the scaffolding is shortly removed, present itself to the public. Inside, with the exception of the entrance hall, there will be but little change as far as visitors are concerned. No new sale-rooms will be added, and the old ones remain unchanged. There will, however, I understand, be much more convenient quarters for the members of the world-famous firm and their courteous and competent staff. As distributors of great works of art Christie's were famous a hundred years ago, and it was at their then sale-rooms that Hogarth's series of pictures of the "Marriage à la Mode" was disposed of for a paltry £1000 in the last year of last century to Mr. Angerstein, who on the same occasion bought a portrait of the great painter by himself for three-and-forty guineas!

"When is a Constable not a Constable?" was the conundrum recently propounded to Mr. Justice Wright. The picture in question might have been described as a special Constable, for someone, all in the way of a joke, had endorsed it with a fictitious inscription, signed "J. C." Then someone else had sent it up from Manchester, "where they don't buy Constables," only, as counsel suggested, "manufacture them," to Christie's, and someone else had bought it, paying a considerable number of guineas for the pleasure of its possession. Being dissatisfied, this last-named gentleman wished to return the special and recapture the guineas. Hence the conundrum in the Law Courts.

I was lately investigating ecclesiastical antiquities in the City with a friend of mine, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Have you seen the Muggletonian Meeting-House?" "The Muggletonian Meeting-House!" I replied in astonishment, and he began, in answer, to supply me with historical details which were familiar, but at the moment not interesting, for the word brought to me a scene long forgotten. I was in an instant at the old Princess's Theatre: Sam Phelps was on the stage, playing Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in Macklin's comedy, "The Man of the World." I heard him again in his broad Doric explaining to his son the advantages of booing, and expatiating on the means by which he got his first rise in the world. "I ganged till the kirk," he was saying in my ear, above the roar of Bishopsgate, "till the Anabaptist, the Independent, the Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings." There he met with an "antiquated, toothless, phthisicky old dowager" (the words are not in "the book," but they are Sam Phelps's, I swear). "I got most religiously intimate with her in a week," he cried, "married her in a fortnight, and buried her in a month." With more of the rest of the world, I had imagined the sect of the prophets Ludovich Muggleton and John Reeve, who made their mark in the Commonwealth, altogether extinct, like the Bradlonians.

But they still exist, and in a turning off Bishopsgate I came upon their sacred home. They hold their private and exclusive meetings in

but he has hoarded, and now uses his capital. The gutter huckster of evening journals is, like the rest of us, subject to changes of fortune. It is whispered that he sometimes stakes his all upon a race, and when he does so, however exclusive may be his "tips," he loses the cash with which he buys his newspapers. Next morning he would be a pauper but for the Newsboys' Banker. He would be unable even to buy a broom to sweep a crossing, and, of course, would not be able to lay in his stock of evening papers. What does he do but seek out another boy to stand sponsor to him to my newly found friend, the Newsboys' Banker, and immediately solicit a loan. "He'll pay ye back," says the sponsor. "Here's the money," says the Banker. And the boy starts in life again, having promised to pay interest at the rate of twopence in the shilling. It is a very high rate; but if the boy proves himself dishonest the Newsboys' Banker has no remedy but to suggest that the sponsor shall give the principal a sound licking. At all events, Newsboys' Banking is an industry which, probably, few have regarded as an industry, and there is more to be said for it as a preventive of crime than against it as a usurious institution.

Bridewell is again empty, but after a long vacancy its cells have recently been occupied by prisoners whose offences are crimes only according to a mediæval code. They are sent to Bridewell, the real old prison, which still exists, because they are "idle apprentices." One of



PELAGIA AND PHILAMMON (KINGSLEY'S "HYPATIA").—ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.

REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

a somewhat demoralised drawing-room. There must be very few of them, for the by no means large rooms in which they gather are provided less with chairs than with tables, suggestive rather of a *café* than a church. They have, I believe, no form of service. When they come together it is to hear read to them the writings of the prophet Muggleton from an enormous book as large as half-a-dozen Bibles, bound in green baize, and full of anathemas. Muggleton was fine at cursing. I read from the sacred volume, most reverently handed to me, his letter to a lady who had once been kind to him. She had afterwards turned Quaker, and he pours out upon her such a flood of damnation that one wonders that in a superstitious age it did not destroy her. Muggleton was "death on Quakers," and in one of his lucubrations he expresses his surprise that all his denunciations of them have had no effect—that "nobody seemed a penny the worse." There are two portraits of the prophet in the meeting-house. In the upper room he seemed to have a kindly face; in the lower chamber one sees him and knows him for a violent fanatic, most self-persuaded, intolerant, and devoid of human tenderness. The Muggletonians are scattered all over the country, and they seldom come together. They are decaying, and the missionary leaflet which was given to me explained the one passage in the New Testament which Old and New critics alike agree in regarding as spurious, so they are not likely to increase in numbers; but they still keep together, relics of an age of fanaticism and superstition.

Odd things come under one's notice now and then. I was introduced to the Newsboys' Banker. He is a thriving seller of newspapers himself,

the two prisoners just dismissed to his home has had three weeks' solitary confinement for having absented himself from work for two days. I am not going to be didactic or informing, but I should like to ask whether "the punishment fits the crime"? Three weeks' solitude, without any visits save the chaplain and the jailor, and with no occupation for head or hand! 'Tis a maddening punishment. I have had some conversation with those who have watched its effect. On very dull boys it has no effect whatever. They do it "on their heads." Their idea of Heaven is that they will "do nothing for ever and ever." But on highly strung, sensitive lads the effect is, perhaps, as demoralising as could be conceived. Having nothing to think about suggested to them, they think for themselves most viciously.

They had a little teapot tempest in Berlin last week over the simple matter of whistling for a cab. This noise, nuisance, or melody, whichever the differently-minded consider it, is strictly forbidden in the German capital, and a zealous policeman having hauled up a pot- or page-boy from some hotel for summoning a cab in this fashion, the case came on and the Court fined the culprit. Defendant has appealed, and the question will now once for all be settled as to whether a cab may be whistled for or not in reposeful Berlin without upsetting its slumberous nerves and disturbing the public comfort. Anybody who has heard the shouts, shrieks, and yells of young Teutonia as it plays the Fatherland equivalent for hopscotch in the streets there would fervently wish that these young plagues would be forbidden to bawl above the middle C at the same time.

St. Andrew's Day has practically ceased to be the Scot's great national day. That privilege is retained for the anniversary (Jan. 25) of the birth of Burns, who was hardly a saint, although he was intensely human-hearted. As usual, the day was recognised this year with great enthusiasm wherever a few Scotsmen are gathered together, and as there are a goodly few of them in London, many a tavern in the town rang on Thursday evening with their hilarity. Indeed, between these Burns' rejoicings and the angry correspondence between Mr. John Burns and Mr. Hyndman, Burns has been very much with us. According to the current issue of the *Burns Chronicle*, there are several members of the direct line of the Burns family still alive.

Mrs. Sarah Burns Hutchinson, the only surviving member of the first family of Lieut.-Colonel James Glencairn Burns (the fourth son of the poet), who lives in Cheltenham with her half-sister, Annie Burns, the only child of his second marriage, is, perhaps, the sole individual living who directly connects the poet's household with the present generation. Her family consists of a son and three daughters. The son, Robert Burns Hutchinson, is the only male descendant of Burns in the direct line living at the present day. He is employed as a clerk in a shipping insurance office in Chicago, and it may be remembered that about eighteen months ago he was set upon in that city by a gang of robbers and almost murdered. An appeal on his behalf was at that time made through the medium of a section of the Scottish Press, to which the response was anything but gratifying. The eldest daughter, Annie Vincent Burns Hutchinson, married a Mr. James Scott, who possessed vineyards near Adelaide, Australia. They have no issue, and are still alive in Australia. The second daughter, Violet Burns Hutchinson, married, in 1889, Mr. George Gowrney, M.A., head master, junior department of Berkhamstead Grammar School, Hertfordshire. They have no family. The third daughter, Margaret Constance Burns Hutchinson, is unmarried, and lives with her mother at Cheltenham. Lieut.-Colonel James Glencairn Burns by his second marriage left one daughter, Annie Burns. She is unmarried, and lives with her sister, Mrs. Sarah Burns Hutchinson, in Cheltenham. Robert, the eldest son of the poet, had one daughter, Eliza, who married a Dr. Everitt, of the Madras Medical Service. Their issue was a daughter, who married Mr. Matthew Thomas, a connection of her father's family. She lives at Martinstower, Killiwick, County Wexford, where her husband farms the Everitt estate. They have no family.

In *Harper's Magazine* for February there are, curiously enough, pen pictures of student life in art and in music; the former is Mr. George Du Maurier's story, "Trilby," which is most delightful reading. The illustrations to this bright narrative, which must surely be slightly



From Harper's Magazine.

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autobiographical, are by the author. That which we borrow is most humorous, as showing the young English artist, "Little Billee," voluntarily making himself the laughing-stock of his French comrades by responding to three encores of a song, which he sang very badly, and which they utterly failed to comprehend. "No more popular student had ever worked there within the memory of the greyest greybeards; none more amiable, more genial, more cheerful, self-respecting, considerate, and polite, and certainly none with greater gifts for art"—that is Mr. Du Maurier's portrait of one whose career is proving interesting and vastly entertaining.

I don't know who Miss Jean Forsyth is, but she has managed to give a human document, more truthful than a diary, less introspective than that penned by Marie Bashkirtseff. It is a singing-student's disappointments and hopes while learning her profession in London, and is well worth reading by any of the thousands who are wearing their hearts upon their sleeves for any day to peek at in the great academies where they are plodding earnestly through theories to practice. The conclusion of the whole matter has the advantage of being unexpected as well as happy.

The following quotations, the first from "Keynotes" and the second from the *Star* of Saturday week, seem to me a rather interesting evidence of the lifelike touches of George Egerton's book—

Larry Moore, of the *Future*—he is one of the most wickedly amusing of men, prides himself on being *fin de siècle* or nothing—came in one evening on his way to some music-hall. If you can imagine a masher of the Jan van Beers type bending his head to hear a child in a white "nighty" lisping prayers, you have an idea of the picture—"The Spell of the White Elf."

"Spectator" of the *Star*—he is one of the most wickedly amusing of critics, prides himself in being *fin de siècle* or nothing—writes enthusiastically about the Lyceum pantomime. "There was one little man in the Royal Box," he says, "who laughed so immoderately at the thwackings of the clown and pantaloons that he had to be patted on the back by all his family lest he should choke. My heart went out to that boy."

A propos of coincidence, I note the letter of Mr. Stuart Cumberland which appeared last week in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Over two years ago he wrote a Theosophistic play, entitled "An Adept," which he submitted to Mr. Tree; it was not produced. To-day Mr. Buchanan produces a Theosophistic play, entitled "The Charlatan," at the Haymarket, which in plot bears, Mr. Cumberland says, a curious resemblance to his play, while some of the characters are identical. His charlatan was an Anglo-Parsee who had a hypnotic gift, and established an influence over his host's niece; there was a *séance*, followed by a next-morning confession, and the charlatan of the Cumberland story, as in Mr. Buchanan's, leaves a reformed man, to return another day to the lady he has deceived. It is an "extraordinary instance of thought-transference."

How strangely innocent are our legal luminaries! Some judge or counsel learned in the law is constantly airing his ignorance of naughtiness or slang for the benefit of an admiring, if not altogether credulous, public. Two instances of this curious phenomenon occurred in the courts only a few days ago. Mr. Justice Lawrance required information with regard to the obscure mysteries of going "Tommy Dodd," but admitted, on receiving the necessary explanation, that he thought he had heard of going "odd man out." This was a great admission, for I have known judges who would have professed absolute ignorance as to the meaning of that term. In another court, on the same day, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was extremely anxious to know what counsel meant by "coming to grief," though he confessed he "had a vague notion." He seemed satisfied when the expression was withdrawn, and "going into liquidation" substituted.

One of the Kensington Town Hall dances took place successfully last Wednesday. There were a good many pale green dresses, always a trying colour, except for the genuine "Tintoretto girl," of which there was none. The barn-door dance was executed with a good deal of gambolling and not a great deal of grace. One man in the effort of pointing his toe inserted it in his partner's gown, which gave way at all points, and ended by tripping him up, to everybody's grief—the grief that takes the form of titter.

Japhet in search of a father was a trifle to the anxiety half the people one knows are feeling concerning where to find a bit of sunshine. Climatic rigours seem to have spread themselves over otherwise usually favoured resorts, and everybody abroad seems to have been writing home for the furs they left behind. To all this Seville seems an exception, and, indeed, most of southern Spain. Some fortunate friends who have flown so far for a three weeks' holiday write that they are repaid for the journey by finding brilliant sunshine and an even day and night temperature. Roses, violets everywhere in the open, and fields with thousands of buttercups in full bloom—what a haven for honeymoon couples who want to start double harness in a becoming atmosphere! Fancy wandering hand in hand—they always do that—through a buttercup field in January! An experience worth stretching a point to indulge in, surely.

In the *Sketch* interview with Miss Alice Kingsley "Richard Henry" was described as "H. Chance Newton and Richard Morton." This is an error. The "Richard" of the "Richard Henry" collaboration is Mr. Richard Butler, editor of the *Referee*. I am glad to ensure that Richard is himself again.

People who suffer from the distressing, though not dangerous, paroxysms of asthma will be glad to know of a simple but sufficient relief, which is now being tried with great effect in America, from where the notion hails. Ice applied to the sides of the neck "infallibly" brings the choking and coughing under and produces sleep. It is worth trying.

Women get inside everywhere nowadays, besides the masculine heart and hoard. These porous items seemed good even to sufficiency formerly, but they by no means satisfy the up-to-date lady. A special and particular departure has been made by the New York Yacht Club, whose members are about to elect Mrs. Carnegie, a well-known yachting widow, as one of themselves. The lady, who has been duly proposed and seconded by a Rear-Commodore, potent in the club, is a large yacht-owner and enthusiastic over the sport. Her hospitalities are well known and appreciated by those who drop anchor round Jekyl Island in the winter, and she is having a new boat built, which is to out-Cæsar Cæsar in the matter of speed and luxury. It will be a novel but popular departure if she gets her membership, as is expected, early in February.



In snug chambers near the Haymarket I found Mr. Probasco, the trainer and owner of the wonderful talking and calculating horse, the clever Australian, Mahomet, which is causing so

much comment at the leading music-halls in London. I was received in the usual "go-as-you-please, make-yourself-at-home" style that belongs solely to the produce of the tract across the "pond."

"How long have you had Mahomet, Mr. Probasco?"

"For five years. I had him when he was three years old."

"How did you conceive the idea of educating him in this manner?"

"Well, you see, I was really raised in the circus and among horses, and my ownership of Mahomet was quite a fluke. It occurred like this. There was a certain man who held a stock ranch, and among his stock was Mahomet, who was then three years old. I happened to pass through the district of Mahomet's home, and heard, promiscuous like, that they had a horse that had killed a man, and was altogether so cussed that he was quite unmanageable. Well, seeing that I had a pretty big reputation for taming anything in the horse way, I determined to see this equine that caused so much trouble. I obtained permission from the owner to try my hand on him. Two days after I had him working in the saddle. The owner asked me to keep him for a certain time, which I did, and I eventually became his owner."

"And the process of training?"

"After he became my property I began to break him into circus tricks. In a little while I found that he was superior to the ordinary circus horse. I tried the tricks that demanded the highest intelligence, and found that he responded more readily than any other horse I had handled before."

"Is this an old or a new idea which you exhibit?"

"Well, to make a horse say 'Yes' or 'No' is as old as the hills. It is done by tipping the whip to the shoulder for 'Yes,' and by tipping it forward for 'No.' But in this business I discard the whip, and rely simply and solely on the intelligence of Mahomet."

"How long did it take you to bring him up to this state of perfection?"

"Three years."

"What prompted you to make this departure from all other circus work?"

"Well, after working him for a time, I found that he worked and answered so readily that it stimulated me to work out the present act; and, strange as it may seem, Mahomet helped me by his phenomenal intelligence as much as by what I have taught him—that is, that he seemed so much in sympathy with the business that I hardly deemed anything too much for his powers of perception."

"Do you fear that any other horse will rival Mahomet?"

"Decidedly no! I have yet to meet or know of a horse that could be trained to such a pitch."

"Have you any other novelties to bring over here?"

"I have something which I think will afford the public as much pleasure as my old friend Mahomet."

"Have you shown all that Mahomet is competent to do?"

"Not by any means. I have plenty of other clever things to exhibit, when I have more time to do my 'business' in. Our time is limited, as you know, at the music-halls."

"Were you successful with him in the States?"

"Quite. I have toured the States all over, with the greatest possible success."

"Is there anything beyond the animal's intelligence?"

"Absolutely no. If there were I should be insulting a race of people, who are just as clever as we, t' other side of the pond."

"Do you fear for the safety of your horse?"

"No; his groom sleeps with him at night, and he is as well cared for as a baby—in fact, his fondness for sugar is in accordance with that specimen of humanity. I have had an offer from a well-known playwright to give my services and Mahomet's in a play, which is to



Photo by Frampton and Work, Dunxter, U.S.

MR. PROBASCO.

be specially written for the horse to show his powers; but I am doing so well just now that I cannot entertain the idea."

Mahomet, it may be mentioned, played a curious part in a New York police court in May, 1892, before Justice Kilbreth. The *New York Herald* informed its readers next day that at a sitting of the Court "an intelligent brown stallion, without having been subpoenaed, appeared at the entrance to the court, and the Justice, having transferred his session for the time to the doorsteps, allowed him to testify in behalf of his owner, E. L. Probasco. The witness was not sworn, neither did he affirm, but his evidence was given with intelligence and clearness. The case in which an equine witness, probably for the first time in the history of American jurisprudence, thus gave testimony was that of the proprietor of a dime museum who had been charged with violating the Sunday law in keeping his museum open on the Sabbath and giving a circus performance. A lawyer offered to prove to the Court that the entertainment was, in



MAHOMET.

reality, of an intellectual character. His chief witness, he said, was Mahomet, who had been referred to by the complainant as a mere 'performing horse,' but who was in reality an educated and cultured quadruped. The Justice consented to allow the stallion to appear. Followed by members of the Bar, the defendant, and Court attachés, with a large audience, the Justice went down to the yard, when the horse was brought in and the usual questions asked. 'How old are you?' The horse gave five distinct strokes of his forefoot on the ground, and looked as unconscious as feminine witnesses do when answering this query. In a like manner he testified that he had been three years in the business as an 'educated horse.' He also, by a glance at the Justice's watch, told him what time it was. Although the Justice seemed to be of the opinion, after the close of this examination, that Huber's exhibition was not an infraction of the law, yet he felt constrained to hold him for trial." Mahomet, indeed, is about as wonderful as his great namesake.

G. A. B.

HORSES ON THE STAGE.

Although we are familiar, the *Globe* pointed out the other day, with the appearance of the noble animal in the horseflesh on the boards, exigencies of space, and, still more, the timidity of performers, often militate against their employment in those plays, and, above all, in those operas where they are most calculated to contribute to the scenic effect. Actors are seldom as accomplished in this respect as Mr. Leonard Boyne, while as for lyric artists they are, as a rule, much more at home on the high C than on a high "gee." Of course, there are exceptions, like Wachtel, who began life as a cab-driver, or the De Reszkes, who keep a large stud on their estate in Hungary. But the average operatic singer has little of the Centaur in his composition, and when an entrance on horseback is necessary cuts but a sorry figure. In certain operas, however, notably the "Walküre," of Wagner, where aerial horsemanship plays so prominent a part, the use of mechanical apparatus is imperatively necessary. The difficulty is generally got over in Germany and England by the use of a magic-lantern slide projected on to the scene, though in the recent production at Paris a sort of switchback arrangement was resorted to with considerable success. But now an English engineer has solved the problem by constructing operatic horses, anatomically correct, the limbs of which, when worked by a hand-wheel, imitate the motion of galloping in a most realistic fashion. Their haunches rise, their manes and tails float on the breeze, steam issues from their nostrils, and electric sparks from their eyes.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The Swiss are considerably interested in English literature at present. In a Swiss review, which does much credit to the country, an able critic has reviewed all the more prominent English writers, including some of the younger men who have not come to their own as yet. The Swiss are very proud of their own novelist—a lady who writes under a pseudonym, and to whose work English readers are soon to be introduced.

A French translation of Mary E. Wilkins's charming stories has been published in Lausanne, and is very generally appreciated.

Miss Clementina Black proposes a partial withdrawal from her engagements in connection with female labour, and will henceforth give herself to literature, in which she has already done some excellent work.

It is not easy to find good titles for new papers. I hear of another journal being started called *You and I*.

The proprietors of the *Manchester Guardian* have started the new weekly, an amazingly cheap pennyworth. The literary matter is on a high level; whether it is adapted for the tastes of the penny public remains to be seen. Effort is being made to push the new journal in London, but, of course, the readers will naturally be found for the most part in Lancashire.

Mr. Yeats's "Celtic Twilight" (Lawrence and Bullen) is just the kind of book to be overlooked for the moment, unless its friends do their part in attracting discreet and seasonable notice to it. It belongs to the shy and quiet things of literature. It is all in twilight tones, and you need to be used to walking in a grey, dim light before you recognise its beauty.

There are stories of ghosts and fairies and seers of both in it—this kind of story, for instance: "Some five miles southward of Sligo is a gloomy and tree-bordered pond, a great gathering place of water-fowl, called, because of its form, the Heart Lake. It is haunted by stranger things than heron, snipe, or wild duck. Out of this lake issues an unearthly troop. Once men began to drain it; suddenly one of them raised a cry that he saw his home in flames. They turned round, and every man there saw his own cottage burning. They hurried home, to find it was but fairy glamour. To this hour on the border of the lake is shown a half-dug trench, the signet of impiety." But it is not so much ghost or fairy stories he gives you as the spirit and the mood of these.

The book, gentle and uncontroversial as it is in tone, is yet a kind of flag held up bravely in face of an opposition which has always a great deal to say for itself and which has a bold fighting spirit. The "Celtic Twilight" represents the mystic side of the Celtic spirit, which has produced poetry the Saxon has been forced to admire, but which has also produced that indifference to order and comfort in common life which is so great a sin in English eyes.

It is part of the Saxon's religion to have his outward life well ordered—his windows whole and his door-handles well screwed—not only well ordered, but, according to his lights, beautiful. But the Irish peasant leans on his spade and dreams, and his dreams are adornment enough for his smoky cabin. Mr. Yeats is here to express better than anyone else has done the claim of the idealist to find and fashion his beauty and aspirations where and how he likes, by human firesides or in a world where human speech would be but the mumbling of ghosts.

Some novels or books of stories lie near me, all of them notable or at least readable. It is in the inflammable region where Scot and Irish meet, on the borders of Cavan and Fermanagh, that Mr. Shaw Bullock has laid the scenes of the stories you may read in "The Awkward Squads" (Cassell). But, whether green or orange be your colour, you will find entertainment in the adventures of the rival Nationalist and Orange squads that drilled secretly in the old castle on Rhamus Hill, and that scared each other so powerfully, in Terry Fitch's instructions to his recruits, in the rebellion of the natural man, Phil Brady, against military authority, and in Shan Grogan's circumvention of his wily wife, who would keep him from his duties as a patriot.

The other stories have humour, too, but they are in their purpose tragic; indeed, humour is not by any means the dominant note of Irish literature to-day. But "One of the Unfortunate" is more striking even than the story that leads off in the volume. Mr. Bullock is a writer we should hear more of.

Another is by Ouida—"Two Offenders" (Chatto). There is in it a story, "An Assassin," which would make anyone else's reputation. It is far removed from the false and tawdry pictures of life which have partly made her own, this story of Abbondio, type of the cultivator of the soil, in Italy and elsewhere, patient, industrious, honest, not very gay in temper. He pays all the rest of his life for his goodness to his giddy wife and her natural son, and you wait and wait for the blow you know must come when long-suffering can hold out no longer.

We need more story-tellers of this simple, straightforward nature, facing the facts of life, but concerned more with life itself and living than with its problems. If Ouida were always in this mood her reputation would be other than it is.

O. O.

"ORIEL BILL."

From Photographs by J. Soames, jun., Oxford.



"Oriel Bill" is one of the most familiar sights in Oxford. Unlike other "bulldogs" there, he is beloved by the undergraduates. An amusing interview with him appears in the February number of the "English Illustrated Magazine."

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE SON OF PRIGIO.*

We were all complaining a few weeks ago because Mr. Andrew Lang had given us a true story-book. Truth is all very well, and is easy, as the venerable Abraham Coles told us; but Mr. Oscar Wilde and the "souls" have led us away from the *odium mendacis*, so that the best appraised virtue of the moment is the virtue of lying. This is perfectly fit and proper, for if superstition were taken from the world, and a man might spill salt with impunity, half the savour of history and of life would be lost. Mr. Andrew Lang has recognised this from the beginning. He knows well that there is no golden mean in the human art. He has not been content to take Perrault for the father of fable, or to see no horizon beyond the plains of Grimm and the Comtesse d'Aulnoy. Knowing infinitely more than there is to be known about the whole company of fays and goblins and dwarfs, he is to every right-minded child, big and little, the wizard who has close relationship with Grumbo, who is on nodding terms with Hocus-Pocus, and who has but to turn to his cupboard for a sight of the Wishing Cap of Fortunatus, or for the Seven-League Boots which Hop-o'-My-Thumb stole from the Ogre somewhere about the year 1697. Ever scholarly beyond his rivals who tread these lands of the elves, he adds to his knowledge a delicious flippancy, a colour of odd conceits, which is the essence of an art he has made all his own. His giants do not eat men, but chocolate wafers and water ices; his dwarfs have not the sonorous platitudes beloved of old time, but speak the language of Bethnal Green; his Princes, who are the light of Pantouffia, leave their homes on occasion to practise their arts in Europe, and get their knowledge from books which Mr. Murray might have published. The very absence of decorum, the splendour of the *mélange*, account for much of the charm which every new fairy book from his pen possesses. In "Prince Ricardo" we have him at his very best. His story is the expected sequel to that admirable fancy, "Prince Prigio," and will not disappoint those who have waited for it. It is a book which men will read for its fragrant humour, which children will devour for its wealth of adventure, and it is one which will convince—if need were of the conviction—that in this reanimating of the dying monsters, this resurrection of the resting fairies, the author is quite unrivalled by any living maker of such fictions.

Prince Ricardo is the son of Prince Prigio, and a boy who will not mind his book. His father, as we know, had cleverness, beauty, and courage from the fairies, but over-bountifully, and, like other people who are thus afflicted in more commonplace countries, he was universally disliked and detested. He found, however, that those who receive benefits from a person blessed with a superabundance of ability are apt to be grateful, and discovering the fairy presents, the Sword of Sharpness, the Seven-League Boots, and the Wishing Cap, among others, he delivered his country from the Red-Hot Beast called the Fire-Drake, and married the Lady Rosalind. If Prince Prigio had been the hero of a shilling school-girl novel, he would have lived happily ever afterwards; but, being the mere creature of the sprites, his troubles began again with the birth of his son, Ricardo. Having suffered himself from the absurdities of grammar and extras, Prince Prigio determines to bring up this boy "Dick" on fairy books; but, as he explains to the Queen, "perhaps the thing has been overdone." Adventures are all very well in school bills, and boys who take them may do as well as those who take dancing and calisthenics; but when such pupils of emprise are always killing dragons, or felling giants, or exposing magicians, and bringing home goblins' heads for the walls of the billiard-room they are apt to get into great difficulties, and to be ploughed, by comparison, at "Smalls." This is the case with Ricardo. He is ever wandering in quest of some monster whom the magic crystal has shown to him, and he has no sympathy with his father's nasty habit of asking people stupid

questions, such as "Who was Cæsar Borgia?" In one of his earliest adventures, after he has killed the Fire Beast and the Ice Beast, he makes short work of a couple of gigantic birds, and brings home the pretty Princess Jaqueline. His mother immediately lifts up her hands in pious matrimonial hopes, and wishes that the Princess were a daughter-in-law. She continues to ejaculate the same wish at intervals through nearly two hundred pages, which tell of her son's conflict with "Charles, P. W."; of his battle with the Giant, who never knows when he has had enough; of his meeting with the Yellow Dwarf, who bleeds yellow blood; and of her husband's unrelenting anxiety for the adventurous Ricardo, and of his descent to meet the Earthquaker. Of all these engrossing adventures, Master "Dick's" duel with "Charles, P. W.," is one of the most fanciful and humorous. A letter reaches Pantouffia from Rome one morning, and when Ricardo opens it he reads these curious lines: "As a prins in distress, I appeal to your valler so renowned in Europe. I am kept out of my own, my royal father, King Gems, . . . being druv into exile by a crewl Usurper, the Elector of Hannover. King Gems is old, and likes a quiet life, but I am determined to make an effort, if I go alone."

The remarkable communication ends with Prince Charlie's invitation to his brother "prins and dear Cousin" to come and help him with the wonderful Magic Carpet, the Seven-League Boots, the Sword of Sharpness, and the rest of the fairies' armament. Off goes "Dick" at once, little knowing that his father has played a scurvy trick upon him, and has fooled him with a rascally imitation of the fairy's sword, and a piece of carpet which has no more virtue than that of gathering the dust. Jaqueline, however, who is able to drink the moon, and can change herself at will, as the goddesses did aforetime, is aware of the substitution, and becomes a mosquito, that she may hide herself under a fold of Dick's coat and accompany him. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" they are at the Villa Borghese, where an elderly gentleman is asleep on a seat beneath a tree. There are two lads playing near him, one "a pretty dark boy, with a funny little roundabout white wig," the other wearing a broad Scotch bonnet and his own hair. "In his hand he held a curious club, with a long, slim handle, and a head made heavy with lead and defended with horn. With this he was aiming at a little white ball, and suddenly he swung up the club and sent the ball out of sight in the air over several trees."

Now, Prince Charlie was very glad to see Prince Ricardo, and accepted his proffered help with gladness. He listened to the

wonders of the Seven-League Boots and of the Magic Carpet, and desired to test them. As a matter of fact, the boots were all right, but the carpet "Dick" carried was not the real carpet, and had no magic in it, so when the two princes sat upon it and gave the word, "England, St. James's Palace," it never budged an inch, and they were left grinning foolishly under the tree. "Charles, P. W.," was a generous fellow, but he could not tolerate this, and when he found that he had been fooled he challenged his visitor and bade him draw. "Dick" did so readily, believing that his sword was the Sword of Sharpness, but it was nothing of the sort, and, as he was ignorant of fence, he would have been killed then and there if the Princess had not settled on the royal nose and stung King James sharply. The King out of business awoke just in the nick of time and saved the rash boy from his peril.

The moral of this *virginibus puerisque* is obvious. Ricardo began to see that he did not do well to rely altogether on the fairies' help, and minded his book and his masters. Henceforth, his little skirmishes with sundry large and small persons were undertaken with slight magical aid. Princess Jaqueline follows him everywhere in due disguise, and in the end he is married to her at Manoa, the City of the Sun. Long before this culminating conventionality he has proved to us that the master hand which called these forms to life has lost none of its cunning, and that the rich imagination is not less fruitful because it has turned for a moment to the absurdities of truth. And, indeed, Mr. Andrew Lang must in "Prince Ricardo" satisfy his most exacting admirers.—M. P.



Photo by T. Rodger, St. Andrews.

MR. ANDREW LANG.

* "Prince Ricardo of Pantouffia." By Andrew Lang. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

IX.—SIR J. R. ROBINSON AND THE "DAILY NEWS."

Sir John Richard Robinson has a position which a shopkeeper with a commercial misfit of language would call "singularly unique." He is not only editor of one of our greatest daily newspapers, but also its manager. The latter post he has filled with complete success since 1868, but he only reached the more brilliant position in 1887. Yet, one who did not know that he has the heavy burden of being responsible for every move of the *Daily News* as a journalistic enterprise, and also

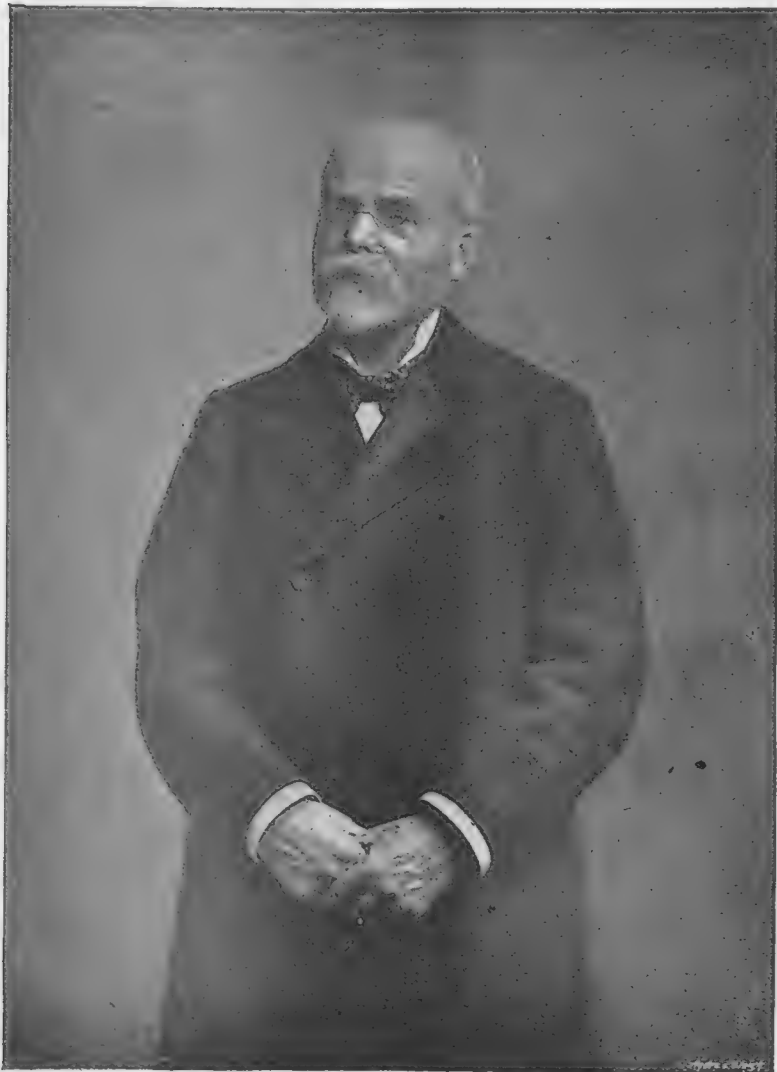


Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.
SIR JOHN R. ROBINSON.

for each step taken by it as a commercial machine, would never guess from looking at Sir John that he is one of the busiest men in London and one of the hardest workers. His sixty-five years of fully occupied life are hardly mirrored in the face that, despite its dignity and suavity, has a curious appearance of youth in it. Perhaps this youthful look comes not merely from the living of a never squandered life, but also from the kindly feeling that he has had for young men ever since the time when he really entered the battle of life. Memory, no doubt, has some part in it, for he has never forgotten that in the days when he was beardless the younger generation was treated hardly by the elder. We have changed all that nowadays, and the battle is to the young in years or to those who, like Sir John and Mr. Gladstone, the idol of the *Daily News*, remain youthful in spirit far into the autumn and even the winter of life. I am sometimes disposed to believe that the animosity to the present leader of the House of Commons, often bitterly expressed by old fogies, is founded on a secret jealousy of the man who has passed by the meridian of life and yet escaped the process of crystallisation.

Those who wish to see how generously Sir John stretches out his hand to the men who belong to the end of the century should induce him to talk about anonymity in journalism. They will find that, instead of supporting the system out of mere selfishness, disguised, perhaps, by a few fine phrases, his opposition to change is founded on the belief that anonymity aids the beginner, since it leads editors to rely on the actual merit of contributions and not upon the authors' names. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" may be true enough; but one may add, "Give a dog a good name and he can worry sheep with impunity."

Two years before the Sailor King came to the throne, Sir John was born at Witham, in Essex. His father, a Nonconformist minister, took him from school at the age of fourteen and put him in a bookseller's business, the hours and monotonous regularity of which did not suit him, so he set to work to emancipate himself by the study of shorthand. An arduous enterprise it was in the days when stenography was still in its infancy and schools for teaching it hardly existed. However, he stuck to his

task, the difficulties of which all the world knows from "David Copperfield." But four years had passed when his success as a country journalist led him to try his luck in London, and he joined the staff of the *Weekly News*, better known as *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper*, of which he was appointed sub-editor. It is typical of the shrewdness of the business man that when he saw that the *Daily News* had changed its price from fivepence to threepence he guessed that the first number at the reduced price would have a large sale, and so put in an advertisement, and got work through it.

The details of the busy journalistic life that he spent until the year 1868, when he became manager of the *Daily News*, I must pass by, yet it contains enough matter of interest for a volume. It covers the period when his pen was his fortune, the time when he wrote regularly six London letters for American papers every week. Moreover, during these years he was subjected to two of the most important influences of his life—Mazzini and the great war in the States. Of the famous Genoese patriot he became the friend through an enthusiastic account of one of his speeches, which led the orator to seek acquaintance with the young writer. It is impossible in a few lines to give an idea of the feelings of 1848, of the intense excitement of the youthful journalist in the struggles for a free, united Italy. Even now that he looks back calmly to what seems almost ancient history the name of Mazzini stirs his blood.

The great slavery war took place when Sir John was an important member of the staff of the *Daily News*, but before he had become nominally its manager. It was probably the most trying period of his life, since at first the North, whose cause the paper warmly espoused, encountered severe reverses, and with them the paper suffered in popularity, till the Confederate States seemed likely to crush both their American foes and the English journal. It is, of course, a matter of history that the *Daily News* was right in its policy, but many a day and night of heavy toil and anxiety had Sir John to undergo before his paper and his cause triumphed.

The first great event under his management was the Franco-German War, and his smartness and audacity then brought the paper to the front. By a lavish but skilful use of the telegraph, and by the splendid work of Mr. Archibald Forbes—whom Sir John claims to have discovered—the *Daily News* under his direction made itself a necessity to all, whatever their politics, who took an interest in the terrible war. The system that he then inaugurated of "first news at any price" has ever since been the policy of the paper, and it will be remembered that in the Matabele War the *Daily News* has been the authority for early accounts of the battles.

In relation to the '70-71 war, I must mention a fact forgotten too easily by our neighbours. One night Sir John wrote a letter suggesting that a subscription should be raised for the relief of the suffering French peasantry. Immediately money began to flow in, and by the end he had



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MR. P. W. CLAYDEN.

over £23,000, which he was able to send out, without deduction of even a penny for postage, to be distributed by volunteers among the needy.

Since 1868 there have been four editors of the paper, whose chair of office was formerly occupied by Charles Dickens, John Forster, and Thomas Walker. The immediate predecessor of Sir John was Mr. H. W. Lucy, the famous "Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*, who, however, did not find that the post suited him or he suited the post, which since 1887 Sir John has occupied with great success, and which, indeed, everyone who knows him personally or impersonally trusts that he will fill for many years to come.

Everyone is aware that Sir John received the honour of knighthood last year. It is not possible in my space to say much about those who now aid the *Daily News* with their pens. The names of Mr. P. W. Clayden, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. H. Paul, M.P., Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Lucy, Mrs. Crawford (the Paris correspondent), and Mr. Richard Whiteing, like good wines, need no bush. Yet, despite the maxim, I must mention two of the staff whom I have the honour of knowing—Mr. Moy Thomas, father and son. The elder, one of our ablest dramatic critics, is a scholarly writer, with a large knowledge not only of his special subject, but also of many others, a successful novelist and essayist, and a charming man, with the same remarkable youthfulness that distinguishes Sir John. The son, the editor's secretary, and his father's aide-de-camp in the theatre, is a walking encyclopædia, but by no means a Dryasdust, and has a knowledge of French that makes my mere speaking acquaintance seem absolute ignorance, and would excite the envy of even well-educated natives.

The burden of the night superintendence—a very heavy burden—rests on Mr. P. W. Clayden, a journalist whose London career began by his writing an article on the American War for Miss Harriet Martineau.



Photo by A. Watson, Edinburgh.

MR. H. W. PAUL, M.P.

His life has been chiefly spent in the region of pure politics, in which he has strongly striven for the cause of Disestablishment. His writings, particularly his studies of Lord Beaconsfield and "Life of Samuel Rogers," show a literary feeling too often, alas, lacking in the journalist.

Mr. Herbert Paul, who is responsible for most of the political leaders, is an orator as well as a writer, so his success in the Union at Oxford and his speeches as member for one of the divisions of Edinburgh attest. No little of the vitality of his articles is due to the fact that he often writes them in the House. Fortunately, he is not quite faithful to politics, and students of the *Saturday Review* can pick out his drily humorous contributions to that lively paper. His leaders, too, show traces of his human nature, and are adorned by the grace that comes only to those who properly appreciate the value of the nice employment of mere words.

E. F.-S.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

So the great Jabez is again to revisit, not wholly willing, the shores of his confiding country, and to receive the gratitude of those whom the Liberator has freed from the irksome burden of lucre. We were told strange stories of his doings out in the land of silver mines and paper money—of his orchids, his sultanic life, his precautions against extradition, and now a mere British Consul steps in, and the palace vanishes, and the great man comes homeward to the prosaic and inartistic surroundings of the Old Bailey. Incompleteness is the curse of our great financial pirates—supposing Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour to be one for the purpose of argument merely. Few of our great swindlers have ever seen their swindles steadily and seen them whole, as Goethe recommends us to see life. They have begun generally with ideas of making money honestly, or, at least, according to the rules of commerce, and only when unsuccessful have plunged first into speculation and then into peculation; or, if they have been intent on swindling from the

first, they have concentrated their faculties on the comparatively easy problem of getting possession of other people's money, and have left out of sight the far weightier question as to how and where to get away with it.

Now, to go to a South American republic having no extradition treaty with Great Britain was a crude and elementary precaution, and shows how little men think about the matters that should occupy their chief attention. For in a South American republic gold can do much, but cannot buy faithfulness in members of the Government, seeing that this virtue does not exist to be bought: and the arm of the Foreign Office is long. To live in obvious luxury and grow orchids was yet more hopelessly unscientific, and, indeed, invited disaster. The real artist would have acted in a far different manner. If I were a novelist, I think I should amuse myself by planning out the career of such a person, and demonstrating the enormous odds against his being ever called upon to suffer the penalties which may (or may not, to avoid contempt of Court) await the imperfectly endowed Jabez.

To begin with, your intending swindler must settle accurately how much he will take. It is well to be moderate in one's estimate, partly because the risk of detection increases, as a rule, with the amount taken—as does the time necessary for the operation—and partly because if the sum be not too large, and be taken from those who will not greatly miss it, the outcry will be less loud and the pursuit less keen and vindictive. Here, I allow, a difficulty comes in, for it is precisely the country clergyman, the widow, and the orphan, those who can least afford to lose, who are easiest to fleece. Still, it is worth while turning by preference to the rich, for not only has one to swindle far fewer of them to secure a competence, but when they have been cheated they are, as a rule, unwilling to blazon abroad their foolishness.

Having accurately settled the time, method, and amount of the swindle, the next step is to secure a refuge. The only really efficient disguise is another personality. Of course, we are not all favoured with the late Dr. Jekyll's effervescing powders; even he, in fact, had not sufficiently analysed his own prescription—and we cannot escape detection as he might have done had he only assumed the Hyde at a fitting moment. The proper method would have been for a wicked, say, a swindling, Jekyll to have tried his powders in one of those moments of real spiritual aspiration which come at times to all persons of any intellect, and to have come out of the change a pious and scrupulously honest Hyde. Then, if Jekyll's disappearance could be satisfactorily accounted for, and his property left to Hyde before the swindle was found out, Hyde could live happily, without a pang of conscience.

But this is a digression. The chief thing to be done is to play for the ending from the start, and to select a place and personality as refuge years before either is wanted for escape. Say that a swindler has artistic tastes—he must sedulously conceal these, and, indeed, all salient and remarkable points about himself, while he is in business. But a rough, hearty painter may very well turn up in Cornwall every summer while the sleek man of business is on his holiday, and it will not be strange if, some time, he decides to stay there for winter as well, and then to take a trip wherever he likes. Only, the first requisite for safety is this—the disguise, whatever it be, must be worn throughout the business life, and cast off during the holidays and at the final escape. Also, at this final escape it would be well if the delinquent, with a proper appearance of secrecy, purchased a "make-up" differing alike from his past disguise and his present reality. But the main precaution is that the disguise must be worn only while the man is unsuspected and respectable. After that he may be his true self again. It is a hard task to carry out, but worth while from a swindler's point of view.

Or, if the absconding financier intends to be bold and magnificent rather than well off and unnoticed, he must confront the risks in a statesmanlike manner, and found a new State. He must establish, by himself, or, better still, with a syndicate of colossal swindlers, a practically independent Power—perhaps in South America. He must establish a friendship with one party in the State within whose nominal limits he resides, or else convince all parties that he is harmless if let alone and dangerous if touched. Having done this—which would require much organising power—he may live out his life in pleasure, till a "fell sergeant," not of police, comes to take him. And then, after all, is the game worth the candle, brief as the candle must ever be? Is not swindling hard labour, and pleasure harder labour still? Does it matter so greatly at what work or in what cell or wing of our enormous jail we await our execution or liberation?

MARMITON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



The Man was not quite a man, being on the sunny side of twenty, smooth-faced, and frank-eyed to a fault; but he was man enough for a story to hang upon him, which is all that really matters—to the story-teller. Answering to the name of Charlie, it is needless to say that he was a scant-o'-grace and a wastrel; needless also to say that he was beloved among the women who graced (and otherwise) the small hill-station of Jettore, where his father was Commissioner.

On this day in particular there was less than love in the eyes of the woman who stood opposite him in the shabby office—the Woman, let us call her, since she was the first to relieve the Man's youth of some of its warm hopes and beliefs. She was not a beautiful woman, and would have been in no way remarkable but for her eyes, which were violet, and her wrath, which was monotonously terrible, like the wrath of the Atlantic. The morning sun pierced through the grass blinds, and showed up with pitiless accuracy a delicate network of lines about her mouth and eyes; but the *exposé* was in vain, for the Man's head was bent and his face flamed, for his own sake or for hers—it does not matter which. There was a nerve in her throat that quivered as her words rose and fell, each one barbed and venomous, and presently the Man found himself watching its throbs with a vague and fatuous interest. Then a tear flashed down and fell, and the Man rose with a sigh of relief.

"I will see you again," he said hurriedly. "No; I'll write—I have your address. I hope—you will let me ask—I trust you have—"

What she said was of infinitesimal import: the gist of the matter was in the look she gave him, and that was eloquent enough to make him mentally cower at her feet.

"I don't want *money*," she said, in a honeyed voice. "Will you tell your friend so, please?" There is honey and honey, as we all know, and this Woman's bees had been fed all their days on Sardinian yews. "Will you tell your friend all this, and thank him for me, since I cannot thank him for myself?" she continued, and she smiled, being one of the dangerous sort who laugh when they are wounded to the heart and smile when possessed by the lust of slaying.

All through the interview she had smiled more or less, and the colour had never once mounted in her ivory-pale face, even when awful words came molten from her heart.

The Man crossed the room and opened the door for her, his face hot still. "I will write to you," he said. Then, with a touch of impulsive kindness that brought a more natural smile to the Woman's painted lips, "Do believe me, I am so sorry—so sorry. And I am ashamed of myself, too."

"You poor boy," she said, with a quick sigh, and then the struggling devil looked out of her eyes again. "I am sorrier for *him*, do you know?" With that she dropped her veil and went, leaving the Man pressing his flushed face to the wet grass blind, while he reflected on the situation.

Next day he met the Other Woman at a dance; a provoking, piquant little baggage she was, plump, pink-and-white and pretty, with a strong likeness to a Dresden china shepherdess—the only strong thing about her, except her will, which was not so much in evidence. "I've a wonderful piece of news for you," she said, taking his arm with friendly familiarity. "Two pieces of news, in fact. Only think—somebody wants to marry little me. Poor little me!" she repeated demurely, cognisant of his disturbance. "I'm too young to marry just yet. I'm only eighteen, you know, Charlie."

"Nineteen!"

"Eighteen, I say, and don't be rude. They're playing 'Manolo'—

come along. I wonder if, when we go to England, I shall get partners like you, Charlie. You dance divinely."

"Yes, I know," the Man said absently. "When do you go?"

"Why, you know the Ballarat sails on Tuesday week. Perhaps this is our last dance, Charlie."

"Oh, no," the Man said cheerfully—brutally, to the Other Woman's idea; "there'll be lots of dances between this and Tuesday week, and then you'll have heaps of fun in England, never fear."

"I don't fear. Oh!"—with a little gasp—"don't hold me quite so tight, Charlie; you'll crush my dress. Not so fast—not so fast; I'm getting giddy." She stole a frightened glance at him as they whirled in and out of the other couples, his tight clasp of her never relaxing, and the demure smile went swiftly and suddenly from her lips. "Let me go," she gasped; "you hurt me. Stop, Charlie, do you hear?" The Man stopped so suddenly that she nearly fell, and, man-like, looked surprised to receive a wrathful glance and an imperious order of "Take me to Mamma at once, please."

"Are you vexed?" the Man ventured, as they threaded their way through the long ball-room. "Are you cross with me, Ivy?"

"I don't know; I think I am." The smile was on her lips again, and the frightened look had gone. "You were rude, Charlie."

"I wonder if you would call it rude," the Man said dreamily, "if someone were to wade down to the deepest part of the river there, with you in his arms—"

"Are you crazy, Charlie?"

"Drowning's a very easy death, Ivy."

"You foolish boy! Do you want to drown yourself, or were you only putting a case?"

"I don't know."

"I hope you're not going to be ill. Were you out too long in the sun to-day—or have you fallen in love?"

"Oh, neither; I was putting a case," the Man said quietly. "My father told me to-day about a corporal of the Guides who was found dead in the river this morning with a native girl in his arms. Here is Mrs. Johnstone—I think our next dance is the fourteenth."

"Yes."



She stole a frightened glance at him as they whirled in and out of the other couples.

The next day the Man disappeared from Jettore under rather peculiar circumstances, but as no particular anxiety was evinced by his father his bachelor friends consoled themselves with the axiom that scapegraces never do get entirely lost, and awaited this scapegrace's return with calmness. But the Man kept away a considerable time, and when he returned Time had cut three more notches on his palmer's staff, and deepened the fine lines about the eyes of some of the elder Jettore beauties. The dynasty of Passe-Rose had fallen and the worship of Daffodillia arisen when the hundred tongues of Gup whispered that the Man had come back with a child, a pretty two-year-old, with dark hair and dark blue eyes. The Man himself had lost his fairness and comeliness a little, and now was a Man indeed, with no youthful weakness or gentleness in any feature of his sunburnt face. It was a face that three years had hardened in unusual fashion, a face in which Commissioner Boyle looked in vain for any trace of his good-humoured, easy-going, scapegrace son. There were no words wasted between the father and son. The Man said simply that he had been home, and had returned to India for good—"or for bad," he said, calmly accepting the Commissioner's sarcastic emendation.

"Praed tells me you've taken the Tremaines' bungalow," the Commissioner said drily. "Are you going to live there alone, or will you instal the Woman?"

"Which woman?" asked the Man, meeting his father's eyes composedly, and the subject was dropped for ever—dropped between those two, at least, for towards the end of the year the Commissioner slept the soundest of all slumbers under the marigolds, and the Man, repenting of his long silence just too late, came and whispered all the story into the dull ear the night before they nailed the coffin up. The next year the heat at Jettore was terrific, and man and beast dropped down and died by scores every hour. The Man lived when happier men were taken, in accordance with the grim humour of Mistress Fate, and learned to endure, among other lessons, the helpless agony of women by sick children's bedsides, for the child who shared his life sickened almost to death, and even his ayah despaired. But the Man was impervious to despair, and, to the amazement of everyone, one September morning a frail little shadow was carried down to the station, and swept away from their surprise and compassion, accompanied by

a triumphant ayah and by the Man, grown gaunt and pale with long confinement and anxiety.

When the curtain lifts next it is upon the Woman and the Man, and the Woman is weeping wild tears over the shadowy child in her arms. "He knows me! he knows me! he knows me!" she cries, triumphant through her tears. "See how he laughs! my little Jack! my little Jack! His father—" She turns her wonderful violet eyes suddenly on the Man. "Have you seen him yet?"

"No. I don't want to see him," the Man answers. "I hope she—they are happy."

The Woman smiles mysteriously. "Are you happy? Are you sorry you sacrificed so much for him now?"

"No. I am glad—if she is happy. That was all I wanted," the Man says quietly. "Is she well, do you know?"

"I see her sometimes," answers the Woman, "and she looks ill—wretched—miserable. She is sorry now, I warrant, that she ever married Jack Uniacke. What! Are you sorry, too?" The Man has only muttered "Poor little girl!" but it sounded so like a groan that the Woman's question comes naturally. "Are you sorry that you came to England after me, and kept me quiet till she and he were man and wife, and took the child, lest my wild life should kill him? Don't be sorry any longer, Charlie Boyle. Go to her—make her happy. You can now."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," the Woman cries, throwing up her right hand in a frenzy of exultation, "that Jack is coming back to me—that she will



"He knows me!" she cried triumphant through her tears.

never see him again. Go to her, Charlie Boyle, I tell you. Why do you look at me so?"

"You have no right to him," cries the Man, "as I have none to her, Ivy. We have made our beds, he and I and you, and we must lie on them. Maud, for God's sake——"

There is a long pause, then the Woman stretches out an icy hand and clasps the Man's. "An eye for an eye, a life for a life," she says dully. "If I never see Jack again, are you paid, Charlie Boyle?"

"I am paid," the Man answers, in a toneless voice. They stand looking fixedly at each other, these two, barely half understanding the sacrifice they have made, and then the Man takes the Woman's cold hand into his. "We will go back to India, then, Maud," he says slowly. "Not to Jettore, unless——"

"I would rather go to Jettore," the Woman answers, with something of the old spirit kindling in her violet eyes. "It will be something to fight, and I should die if I were not either beating or being beaten."

"We will face the music together, then," the Man says quietly.

"Together? You mean——?" The violet eyes fall suddenly, and a flood of scarlet surges up under the artificial roses on her cheeks. "Charlie—no, no, no!"

"But I say yes," the Man says masterfully. "You will go back to Jettore only as Mrs. Charles Boyle, Maud, my—my dear." The Woman drops her head on her hands with a wild sob or two, and presently the Man lifts her drooping face and kisses it solemnly, as he might kiss Ivy Uniacke's, did she lie dead in her coffin.

The following are cuttings from the *Times* of Feb. 11, 187—, and the *Jettore Monthly Messenger* of June the same year, both preserved in the desk of the Other Woman—

BOYLE—MAYNARD.—On the 9th inst., at St. Mary's, Portsmouth, Charles Boyle to Maud, daughter of the late Stephen Foote, and widow of Frank Maynard, M.D.

BOYLE.—On June 1, of cholera, at Meérut, Charles Boyle, of Jettore, and his wife, Maud.

Of the Other Man and of Jack, jun., this history sayeth naught.

MR. DOLLOND.

"Only a doll," am I? Well, perhaps, though in my own country I've always been led to understand that it's rude to twit people on the subject of birth or parentage. I am said by those who know to have more facial expression than half the young men who frequent the Park or Piccadilly in the season, and, at least, I am no mere doll, but a doll with a history.

Perhaps, a certain elevation at the outer end of my exceptionally

brilliant eye may tell the story of my nativity; but my first important flash of recollection deals with being unrolled, after an ocean voyage, from my fragrant paper wrappings by a pretty American girl.

I recognised her nationality at once by her accent, and I soon



ANOTHER DOLL.

discovered that she was an actress, which pleased me exceedingly, as I have a *penchant* for the stage.

Her *fiancé* had given me to her for the reason that in America—and, perhaps, in England, too—a Japanese doll is considered a Mascot by "the profession."

I used to be placed in my mistress's "theatre trunk" in the tray containing her "make-up," and kept from contact with cold cream, powder, and rouge-boxes by being folded in a damask towel.

At night, when we were travelling, I would be unpacked and set on the table in her dressing-room under the caged gaslights, and be talked to very nicely as Miss Wallace prepared for the stage. Often, when other ladies of the company entered the room during a "wait" between acts, the conversation would turn upon me, and my mistress would announce that never would she dare the dangers of a "first night" and a new part without me, her Kobe, in the theatre, as she was quite superstitious about me, and believed that, lacking my presence, she would be visited with failure and bad luck. Of course, I was flattered by all this; but concealed my feelings with the serviceable smile I have always at command.

Miss Wallace received many letters at the theatre, and, as they were left open under my eyes while she was dressing, I considered it no breach of confidence to make myself master of their contents.

Often long epistles would come from a young lady in England—a distant cousin of my mistress—setting forth her discontent with life in general and her own in particular. "The world was hollow," said she, and her "doll stuffed with sawdust." This expression taught me that dolls must indeed be important factors in the happiness of women, and set me wondering if my own inner workings would prove me equally unsatisfactory. But this I had no means of ascertaining, and abandoned the puzzle in despair.

This Miss Helen Campbell was an heiress, it appeared, who felt that her money stood in the way of all true happiness. She doubted her friends, she doubted her lovers. If a man told her he was dying for love of her, she made sure it was her money he wanted. And yet she was a lovely creature to look upon, judging from a photograph she enclosed, and which, being propped for the evening against my soldierly form, caused me to become faithless to my mistress and first love.



A JAPANESE DOLL.

These pathetic letters, however, did not win the sympathy of the American maiden as easily as they did mine. "Stupid girl!" she exclaimed, addressing the portrait. "Just because you've everything you want, you must cry over the crumpled rose-leaves! You need a good shaking-up, my dear, and I've half a mind to play a joke upon you." Then she smiled at me, and throughout the rest of the evening she would break into mysterious little "giggles" now and again.

Before leaving the theatre she wrote her cousin a letter, and I caught glimpses of such sentences as "The handsomest and cleverest man you ever met, and so sincere. He never spoke a word in his life which he didn't mean. I wish you might meet. I have talked so much of you to him, and he admires your picture immensely. If only you could have seen his great dark eyes as he first looked at it!"

Some weeks later came an answer, in the handwriting I had learned to know. "What a *rara avis* you have found!" it exclaimed. "A man who only says what he means! How I wish I might leave my adopted land and pay you that visit we've talked of," it went on; "but Papa is wedded to England, and, unless your friend makes up his mind to cross the ocean some day, I fear I must still continue to disbelieve in human nature." There was a man, the letter also informed my mistress and me, whom the writer would be so glad to trust, but dared not, for many reasons, as, if trust came into her heart, love would be apt to follow. And he was only a poor young M.P., with a brain full of ambition and a pocket full of nothing.

So the letters crossed each other, those from America becoming fuller of the mysterious paragon, by name Mr. Dollond, whom I had never to my knowledge seen, although my jealousy was fiercely roused concerning him.

At last it went so far that messages were constantly exchanged, and I daresay there might have been letters instead if Miss Campbell's papa would have permitted such a correspondence. Mr. Dollond wanted to know if Miss Campbell had read such and such books, which he had enjoyed, and this, said the young lady, opened for her a new world, hitherto unexplored. The books which Mr. Dollond recommended showed her how much there was to do with her life, which she had hitherto neglected, and nobody had ever dared to put things to her as he did. But all this was after the correspondence had been established upon the new basis for nearly half a year, and the letters from England were very different from what they used to be. By-and-by she began to ask if Mr. Dollond had no thought of coming to England. No; he would not do that, said my mistress. He must never presume on their friendship, so strangely begun. And then Miss Wallace added, on her own account, that the truth was poor Mr. Dollond had learned to love Helen, but would never let her know his feelings, as he was a poor man, and he would not risk having his motives misunderstood, as, perhaps, she had misunderstood others. So it was wiser that they should never meet.

This letter evidently disturbed Miss Campbell very much. She enclosed a note in her answer to Mr. Dollond himself, for the first time, explaining that my mistress had betrayed his confidence, but that it was for the best. Would he forget that she was an heiress, and come to England, so that they might judge if they cared as much for each other in reality as it seemed, from a distance, that they might learn to do? But, at all events, she could never now take up the narrow views of life which she had held before he swept them away, and so she would always be better and happier for their acquaintance.

When my mistress read this she laughed, which I thought exceedingly heartless. And then she wrote a short letter, saying that Mr. Dollond could not resist Helen's great kindness, but would sail on such and such a steamer, reaching England on such a day.

That same night she patted and kissed me a good deal, told me she didn't know how she was to get on without me, and, tying a card around my neck, wrapped me in tissue-paper and cotton, putting me at last into a box so small as to compress my limbs very tightly.

After much confusion of sound, an unmistakable rocking about on the ocean, and tearing through space on the railway, I was deposited upon something delightfully stationary. "Parcel Post, Miss," said somebody, and when a sound of footsteps had died in the distance two voices evidently resumed an interrupted conversation.

"You are very cruel!" exclaimed a man. "For a year I've loved you better than life. I wish you might be penniless to-morrow, that I could prove it to you, Helen."

At this name I pricked up my ears, and a lovely voice, drowned in tears, replied—

"I can't help believing you when you look at me so, but it's too late. Mr. Dollond will be here to-day, Kitty writes. It was he who taught me to have faith in people and things when I was unhappy. I've brought him across the ocean, and I'm bound in honour to him now." With this, something fell against my box—perhaps it was her bowed forehead—and I was dashed to the floor with a jerk which forced from me that little squeak, so conveniently situated in the centre of my person.

"What a strange sound!" cried the lovely voice in dismay. "Can there be anything alive in the box? How dreadful! Oh! I must open it."

I heard the cutting of cord and rattling of paper, and almost instantly a soft hand had dragged me from my wrappings.

A beautiful face bent above me surprised, and a handsome man—how I hated him for his advantages over me!—stooped to pick up the card which had fallen from my neck to the floor.

"Forgive my deceit," my mistress had written. "It all grew out of a joke, and was meant for your good. Behold the only Mr. Dollond!" A. L.

VULGARITY.

The carriage of her graceful head I should know anywhere. To me she is always a wonder—the chief among ten thousand. So when I saw her afar off, the other night, at the end of the long, crowded drawing-room, the needle turned to the Pole, and I found myself, after a decent interval of hand-shakes, greetings, and discreet elbowings, at her side. Her dress was silvery light, and there were pearls round her neck. On the sofa beside her, in huge, swelling curves of terra-cotta velvet, sat Mrs. Parvenu—I have forgotten her name—with many gold ornaments hung upon her, and her thin drab hair drawn tightly back from her broad, blank face. It was when someone had taken away that giant frame to minister to it with chicken and champagne that I said—

"It is a vulgarity that touches the nerves with frozen needles."

"Hardly," she answered. "Mrs. Parvenu is pleased with her dress, and more than pleased with her jewellery, because her 'dear Parvenu' gave it to her. If she knew that she hurt anyone she would change her dress. That is the vulgarity one smiles at and pardons."

"And the unpardonable?"

"The unpardonable is the vulgarity that does not care—that does not seek to please—that does not grieve if it displeases."

"But, surely, no woman—"

"Of course not. A woman seeks to please with her dress first herself, then her dearest, then the rest of the world. If vulgarity were only of dress, a sumptuary law were all the world needed for its salvation."

"As it is?"

"As it is, vulgarity is of the essence of our society. It is the spirit of the age—a Frankenstein monster, machine-made."

"You mean," I said slowly, permitting my eyes to delight my sense with the contemplation of her little ear and the soft curls about it, "you mean that this age of competition—"

"Yes; don't you think so?"

"Greece and Rome were vulgar," I answered, "hopelessly vulgar in their decadence, and the invention of steam can hardly—"

"Of course they were, and their civilisation, like ours, was founded on a base theory of life. Look at America."

"I would rather not," I said. "Look at it you, and tell me what you see."

"I see a great nation floundering deeper and deeper in fathomless abysses of vulgarity, because it has no traditions, no history, nothing to revere save that which is not worth reverence."

"But we—we have traditions and history, a Throne and a Church to revere, and yet—"

"And yet we pay our worship at the same altar where the American burns his cheap incense—to the great God of Getting-on." Here she laughed. "We are growing mighty serious," she said.

Around us was the babble of voices—not quite the natural voices—of men and women, the sweet scent of flowers, the heavy scent of essences, the slow swaying of fans. She followed my glance.

"But, as you say," she went on—though I had not said it—"it is so pleasant to be serious when one ought not to be—it is as piquant as smiling to one's self in church, and one feels quite as wicked."

And she smiled again. Because I love to hear her speak with that sweet seriousness of lips and brow, I said, "Vulgarity has a deep-set, hardy root. Our buildings are hopelessly vulgar. Why?"

"Partly because they are shams—they pretend to be better than they are—and partly because they are not built for the builder to live in, and he does not care whether the folks who live in them like them or not."

"The secret of vulgarity, then, is indifference to the feelings of others?"

"In a measure. I should say that vulgarity means simply want of reverence, want of the sense of human equality."

"But if equality, why reverence?"

"One respects one's self, doesn't one?" she questioned, with wide eyes; "and if one respected others as much—"

"But some people are not respectable, even to themselves."

"Exactly. Those are the vulgar ones. Vulgarity is a thing of the soul, not of the manners."

"A man may put his knife in his mouth and not know the uses of a table-napkin, and yet not be as vulgar as—"

She raised her hand. "No names!" she said quickly.

"I have sometimes thought," I went on, "that a good deal of what we call vulgarity comes from the swift rush of life: one has no sure foothold; nothing is fixed. Now, the little old German Courts, with their Chamberlains and Lords-in-Waiting and Maids of Honour, they were silly, dull, stupid—anything you like, but not vulgar."

"Yes, there is something in that; but do you think the swift rush of life can cover all our sins? Oh! think of them—our factories, our rows of yellow-brick suburban streets, our 'ornaments,' our enamelled iron advertisements, and our comic papers! Think of our comic papers—nearly all the jokes in them are cruel jokes, vulgar jokes. The jokes about old maids—oh! how revolting they are! I wonder who writes for them—people to whom nothing is sacred, who have no high ideals, people who write parodies!"

"The spread of education," I began, "creates a demand for literary food of the coarsest—and so—"

"Ah," she answered, smiling, "that is another story, as Kipling is always saying. But, talking of food—"

So we went down to supper.

E. N.



THE HON. NELLIE BASS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

COMING MEN.

"The younger generation is knocking at the door."—IBSEN.

III.—MR. ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.

Never, perhaps, within the memory of any of us has a series of elections at the Royal Academy been received with such general approval as that which ended last week. At the beginning of the year five places were vacant in the ranks of the A.R.A.'s, and in every studio you entered



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. ARTHUR HACKER. A.R.A.

speculation was busy as to how they would be filled. Guessing about Academy elections is a risky matter. The constituency is so scattered, it is so difficult for the members themselves to get at what the more secluded of their colleagues—and some are hermits—really think about the candidates, that you constantly find the most positive forecasts upset, and some man, unnamed before the "scratching," come triumphant out of the fray at the end. Before the late elections, however, the five candidates who were successful, as a fact, were named as the likely winners by many prophets. It may be well, perhaps, to describe in a few words the way R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s are chosen. As soon as the members assemble, each man is handed a printed list of all the candidates, and puts a dash with a pencil against the one he prefers. The lists are then collected, and every name with more than three "scratches" is written up on a blackboard. These are then voted for, and the two which come out at the top are put to the ballot. Our particular concern just now is with Mr. Arthur Hacker, who was successful at the second ballot on Monday week. The scratching left the names of Mr. Hacker, Mr. Belcher, and Mr. Clausen to go on the board. The second *scrutin* gave Mr. Clausen eight votes, Mr. Belcher nineteen, and Mr. Hacker twenty-five. In the ballot Mr. Hacker obtained thirty-one votes to the twenty-one of Mr. Belcher.

Mr. Hacker is English both by birth and training. He was born in London, in September, 1858. His father was, and is, an engraver, and so he may be said to have inherited a connection, at least, with the Fine Arts. After some of the desultory teaching schoolboys get from drawing-masters, he went one day to the British Museum and started to draw "The Clapping (Rondanini) Fawn." This drawing, when finished, after two or three months' hard work, gained him admission to the Academy schools, where he stayed three years. This was between 1877 and 1880. In 1880 he went to Paris, entered the atelier of Bonnat, and worked there for twelve months. The first oil picture he ever sent to the Academy, "Her Daughter's Legacy," was painted in Paris, from French models and French "properties"; it was at Burlington House in 1881. A year later he sent "Relics of the Brave," and then, at the

Institute, in 1883, exhibited "The Mother," the first picture to attract notice by the qualities to which he owes his reputation. The best things Mr. Hacker has done since then have been "The Cradle Song," sent to the New English Art Club in 1886; "Pelagia and Philammon" (1887) and "The Waters of Babylon" (1888), shown at the Grosvenor; "Christ and the Magdalen" (1891), "Syrinx" and "The Annunciation" (1892), and "Circe" (1893), all exhibited at the Royal Academy. Besides this, Mr. Hacker has painted a considerable number of portraits.

In Mr. Hacker's art we find a quality which has never been otherwise than rare in English painting. It is a quality, too, which, if the opportunity should come, would enable him to add success in monumental work to the other claims to respect of our school. In all he has done a keen sense of beauty is combined with a remarkable largeness, dignity, and rhythmical balance of design. Now and then, as in "The Sleep of the Gods," exhibited last year, he has allowed himself to wander off in search of problems which tempt a painter to their solution only by their difficulty. In that picture he attempted to paint a scene in which there should be scarcely any division by light and shade. A number of sleepy "gods" lie about in the diffused light under the trees. The lights of their gleaming flesh are relieved against equal lights on the herbage about them, and the whole canvas is overspread with technical feats efficiently performed. The result is something the trained painter will be apt to overpraise, the cultivated critic to depreciate. We venture to think it embodies an error—or, rather, if persisted in, would do so—and that for the very simple reason that it ignores one of the chief methods of winning the unity to which all art looks as its aim. Mr. Hacker, however, has only once fallen into this mistake. The rest of his work is conspicuous for the harmonious way in which all the elements of pictorial art are combined. The "Circe" of last year may be given as an example. In that picture we saw a splendidly coherent design, whether we looked at line, at tone, or at colour. All through it there is a rhythmic play of values and contours, picked up finally and enforced by the opposition between the gleaming, reflecting skin of Circe and the deep, absorbent shadows against which her delicious form is set. The technical feat may be one, speaking comparatively, not difficult of accomplishment. It may have been done thousands of times before now, and it may be done millions of times again; but the artistic conception to which it led had unity; having unity, it was original and sincere.

It is a pity that the inevitable failure which attended the experiment made in the Houses of Parliament should have made us fancy that Nature has denied us the gifts required for monumental art. The



PERCIVAL, SON OF MR. HUGH E. HOARE, M.P.

BY ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.

fiasco was bound to come, and should have been used as a stepping-stone to success. Now that we know better, now, too, that the walls at Westminster are dry, why shouldn't we renew the experiment? If we did so now, we could find no better man to lead the way than the new Associate, Mr. Arthur Hacker.

THE HAREM AT "CONSTANTINOPLE IN LONDON."

From Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



W. and D. Downey, artists.

MORNING STAR.

Marion and Co., publishers.

Reproduced from one of Messrs. Marion and Co.'s photogravures, after an art study by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.

ART NOTES.

Miss Kate Greenaway, who has an exhibition at the Fine Art Society's rooms, is always charming, although her peculiar charm by no means lies



A LANDSCAPE.—RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

in the excellence of her mere drawing; indeed, when she challenges comparison by elaborate work she almost succeeds in being positively uninteresting. It is still, as ever, in her slight, airy child-work, which suggests an "old-world comeliness and old-world bloom" that one is very ready to recognise her uniqueness and her charm. There is something so exceedingly naïve—to use the word in no uncomplimentary sense—and graceful in these delicate little compositions, they are so very elegant and decorative, that it is impossible not to recognise that hither, in some quiet fashion of its own, a touch of genius has travelled.

The tower and landscape which we reproduce above, by Richard Wilson, is probably much injured by its translation into black-and-white. It is Wilson's colour and the shining qualities of his painting which are chiefly remarkable in him. Nevertheless, these qualities are indicated even in black-and-white. His effect of light is obviously masterly, and there is a serenity over the whole composition which is quite grand. As usual, his figures are somewhat infantine; it is the landscape which is here, as in all Wilson's work, chiefly to be noted.

The general appreciation which has been given to the New Gallery's winter exhibition must have given much encouragement to the directors of that charming gallery. Considering the resources which Burlington House is able to command, those responsible for the exhibition were wise in seeking to arrange a collection which should be unique rather than profuse. In this they have succeeded extraordinarily well. Merely to wander from room to room is to be aware of a certain homogeneity of effect which is totally wanting at Burlington House.

As many critics have already pointed out—it is astonishing to find for once so singular a unanimity—it is almost a sin to be asked to consider such a collection in its details: one prefers simply to wander through this splendour of mere colour, arranged, as it were, with exquisite harmonies. Everything is so young, and yet so venerable. Cockeyedness for the moment seems subdued into a broad and general loveliness of effect. We have noticed particular pictures and exhibits before; it seemed worth while, however, to make the addition of these few observations.

The exhibition of black-and-white drawings by Mr. Alfred Parsons now on view at the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street is calculated to arouse a mixture of feelings. On the one hand, the work which is apparently intended for reproduction has only an indirect value, and was surely not worth the while of separate and solemn display; on the other hand, the drawings in pen-and-ink, which seem to be, so to say, "self-contained," have a fine quality of decoration and of slender beauty which is quite engrossing. A visit to the collection is quite worth one's while.

It is not too much to say that the Grafton Gallery, which opened the other day, is the most entertaining by far of the common London picture-shows. It has a greater variety and a greater picturesqueness altogether than the somewhat dull Academic displays to which a weary world has grown sadly inured. Here, at any rate, is a representative

gathering, a gathering which indicates something of the movement and vitality of Continental work, and work other than the insipid outcome of insular tastes. Here, too, is a collection of Albert Moores, a detailed account of which we must postpone, merely remarking that they are somewhat disappointing in the bulk. Albert Moore was, after all, let it be confessed, a little monotonous. We will not blame him that he was so frankly unrealistic as sometimes to be somewhat absurd, but we may blame him that he did not vary even his decorative quality.

Next to "living pictures" come photographs, and some of the latter excel the former in delicate beauty. Some very charming photogravures are comprised in the fifth series of art studies published by Messrs. Marion and Co. from splendid specimens of Messrs. W. and D. Downey's art in holding up the mirror to Nature. They are pictures not only of value in the studio but distinctly suitable for "the House Beautiful," for the subjects are lovely and the photogravure process is as delicate as the finest engraving and far less costly.

"French Illustrators," an elaborate book upon art, just published by Messrs. Hutchinson, may be recommended from two points of view to those who desire to make themselves better acquainted with the art which has of late years done so much honour to France. First, the book itself contains much matter of unique interest, set forth freshly and interestingly; and secondly, it contains fifteen quite beautiful plates illustrating the various methods of the various artists with whom it deals.

Among these plates, for example, is a most interesting and finely composed etching by Vierge. It represents different scenes supposed



THE CENTAUR.—C. DE LORT.

From "French Illustrators," by Louis Morin (Messrs. Hutchinson).



THE EMPTY PUNCH-BOWL.—R. J. GORDON, R.B.A.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



CHARMION.—ARTHUR GREENBANK.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



PURPLE IRIS.—H. T. SCHÄFER, R.B.A.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



CLEMATIS.—H. T. SCHÄFER, R.B.A.
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



THE STORY OF BALACLAVA TOLD BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS (THOMAS ALLISON).—JULIA B. MATTHEWS.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

to have been enacted at Malaga. The scenes are three in number, and are dovetailed into one another with much beauty of effect. The chief of these is a music-hall representation, which has just sufficient realism

in its rendering without tending towards any vulgarity. Perched on the top of this central scene is a little moonlight romance, a guitar-player careering down hill upon a mule-cart in front of a black mass of trees. The third scene is the school of a village.

One might continue the description of these handsome plates to some advantage, perhaps; but we have not the space at our disposal. Some, indeed, are better than others. One or two, though, are scarcely above quite an uninteresting average. Notwithstanding, there is plenty to spare out of these, which makes the book an object well worth possessing. The letterpress is gay and interesting.

M. Munkacsy has at last completed the re-painting of his great Salon picture, which had been received with so marked a coolness on the part of the critics generally. The picture was so enormous, and the labour involved in its re-painting has been so great, that one cannot sufficiently admire the energy and devotion of an artist who would not hesitate before so gigantic a task. On the merits of the new picture we can, of course, pronounce no opinion. For M. Munkacsy's sake, we hope that his work has been justified.

The Christmas number of the *Sydney Bulletin* is a wonderful example of how our colonial cousins demand, not "The New Humour," but "The Real Humour." There is far more occasion for laughter in one page of this number than in a complete issue of many so-called comic papers.



LES DÉFENSEURS DE SARAGOSSE.—M. ORANGE.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



PAT (shouting after Tommy Atkins): "Who shtole the cat?"

TOMMY: "'Oo stole yer bloomin' country?"





MASTER describes the kind of dog he wishes to procure for a lady friend.

DOG FANCIER: "No, guv'nor; I don't know of such a leetle dorg—but if any of yer pals 'as one I can jolly soon git 'im for yer."



MISSIONARY (seeing sailor lingering behind, thinks his sermon must have had some effect on him): "Well, my friend, do you feel any change?"

SAILOR (fumbling in his pockets): "Not a blooming cent, Sir."



THE CARNIVAL IN PARIS.

GUNPOWDER CONSPIRATORS' RENDEZVOUS.

To-day is the anniversary of the execution of Guy Fawkes (Jan. 31, 1606), and the fact recalls the hatching of the plot in a remote corner of historic Warwickshire, where Catesby lived.

Robert Catesby was the son of Sir William Catesby, who was a great man in the county during his lifetime. Both father and son came to a sad end, Sir William being beheaded for high treason and Robert being shot, together with other conspirators.

Robert, who seems to have lived a dissolute, wild life, was a good-looking man—so, at least, says Harrison Ainsworth, the chronicler of that wild scheme to blow up James I. and his attendant big-wigs. "Though somewhat stern in their expression, Catesby's features," says the novelist, "were strikingly handsome, cast in an oval mould, and clothed with the pointed beard and trimmed moustache invariably met with in the portraits of Van Dyck."

Catesby came of a good old stock, and, though a scapegrace, was a thorough gentleman. He and his fellows were goaded to desperation by the insults which were heaped upon them by the minions of the Protestant monarch then reigning. Though one condemns the Gunpowder conspirators, one, nevertheless, allows that there was considerable palliation for their offence. Catesby was one of the many who were absolutely ruined by the extortionate fines which they were obliged to pay for the privilege of differing from other people in religious matters.

Accompanied by a clerical friend acquainted with the neighbourhood, I lately paid a visit to this interesting part of Warwickshire, and revelled for a whole afternoon in antiquities and relics of a bygone age.

Catesby's house stands in the village of Lapworth, distant, perhaps, some ten miles from Birmingham, and ten or eleven from Warwick and Stratford-on-Avon. It is not, I should mention, altogether the original domicile in which the erring Robert dwelt. Most of that has been "restored away," but there are one or two old bits still remaining. There is, for instance, the original kitchen, with its great, broad fire-place, at which, almost three centuries ago, Catesby's joints were roasted.

The house in Catesby's time, I believe, was known as Bushwood Hall, which is its name at the present day. In olden days it was completely encircled by a moat, fed by a stream which ripples and sparkles through the meadows all the way to Shakspeare's birthplace, passing those quaint old-world places, Henley-in-Arden and Wootton Waven, on the way. The moat, when there is no drought, is generally filled with water to the extent of a foot or two. When I had the pleasure of seeing it it was innocent of any fluid whatsoever. Where, in former days, it was spanned by a drawbridge, a substantial earthen thoroughfare spoils the moat's continuity. This is also the case, I regret to say, with many other moats. Our grand old granges and their watery bracelets are fast giving way to the builder's ugliest efforts in red brick, and these ties with the past are rapidly disappearing. The place is now a farm, but owing to agricultural depression it is not occupied, and the dwelling has been given over to the tender mercies of a caretaker.

Bushwood Hall is some distance from the main road, and the lane which leads to it is not one of which a London vestry would highly approve. It is a difficult place to get at, and a hard one to find if the seeker is unacquainted with the locality. Not far away a railway line is at present in course of construction. The history of this little line is not without interest. Almost forty years ago the inhabitants of Henley-in-Arden thought they ought to have a railway which would take them into Birmingham. This little town, it should be explained, is distant four miles from one station and six from another, so that the inhabitants are let in for more walking and driving than they altogether relish. So a meeting was called, a company promoted, and a line constructed—or half constructed—from Henley to a small station called Kingswood, on the main line to Birmingham. When the line was half finished the funds were exhausted and the operations stopped. That, as I said before, was almost forty years ago. Ever since then the inhabitants have been expecting to see the line completed, and hardly a year has gone by without a rumour having

been circulated to the effect that operations had been recommenced. "When the railway comes to Henley-in-Arden" has become a by-word in that part of Warwickshire; but it has come at last. Only last year some energetic inhabitants agitated for the completion of the line, and soothsayers predict that it will be ready by next summer. I believe this is the only railway of three miles in length which has taken almost forty years to construct.

But I am wandering from Catesby and Catesby's abode. The village of Lapworth is a quaint little place and has a remarkable church. One window of this edifice contains the arms of several Warwickshire county families. Among them are those of the Catesby family, comprising among other emblems two cats' heads.

There used to be a pond bordering Lapworth Street, which was known as "Catesby's Pond." Old reports have it that Catesby and his fellow-conspirators used to get into a boat, row into the middle of the pond, and there hold their nefarious meetings.

Also, there is, or was, an old house in the same thoroughfare which was inhabited for a time by no less a person than Guido Fawkes himself. Since the days of the Gunpowder Plot it has been known as "Fawkes's Shop," for here, it is supposed, the principal actor in that great tragedy manufactured the gunpowder with which he intended to blow up King and Parliament.

These old tales have been handed down from father to son for generations, but very few people in Lapworth can tell you anything worth hearing about Catesby and his friends.

There is one exception, however. Farmer Osborn, of the High Chimneys, is full of old Warwickshire lore. He is a most delightful antiquary, and can tell you more about the part of Warwickshire he lives in than any book ever written. He has had all his information by word of mouth, and most of his facts are very reliable. One must always entertain a certain amount of doubt concerning old village legends, but Farmer Osborn's yarns sound more like truth than most tales of the kind. He has hoarded up many facts about the past and bygone men and manners of his part of the country, and nothing pleases him better than to sit in his grand old chimney-corner, pipe in mouth, and retail all sorts of information regarding the "good old times." Besides the particulars about



CATESBY'S HOUSE, BUSHWOOD HALL, HENLEY-IN-ARDEN.

Photo by J. Turner, Henley-in-Arden.

Lapworth already mentioned, he told me that Catesby's house was once owned by a Squire Legge, who lived at Aston Hall, near Birmingham. As his residence was some distance from his Lapworth tenants, rents were only paid once a year, and it was a common saying at the time that it took three days to pay Squire Legge his rent—"one day to go to Aston, pay the money, and get drunk on the Squire's strong ale, another day to get rid of the effects of the ale, and a third to get back home."

Warwickshire of to-day is very much like the Warwickshire of 1605. With the exception of the Birmingham district, it has not undergone many changes—at any rate, Lapworth itself is little changed. It was at his home here, amid the peace and quietude of rusticity, that Catesby first broached the idea of a Gunpowder Plot to a neighbouring county gentleman. It was here probably that he composed that solemn oath which was administered to each conspirator: "You shall swear by the blessed Trinity and by the sacrament you now propose to receive never to disclose, directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof till the rest shall give you leave."

The first edition of "Guy Fawkes," published in 1841, is illustrated by the magic pencil of George Cruikshank. "The Death of Catesby" which, it will be remembered, took place at Holbeach House, is one of the illustrations. Catesby, badly wounded, collected all his force and struck a few terrible blows at his opponents; then he dashed through them and made for the house. But his strength failed as he reached the door, and he fell to the ground. Mustering up all his remaining vigour, however, the conspirator dragged himself into the vestibule, where there was a large wooden statue of the Virgin. He clasped his arms round it, and was pressing his lips to the feet of the image when one of his pursuers rushed in, sword in hand; but ere the sword could be used Catesby had expired.



JOTTINGS AT "CONSTANTINOPLE": A LEAF FROM A SKETCH-BOOK.



MDLLE. AENEA AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

A FLYING FAIRY.

MADEMOISELLE ÆNEA AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

I had been much struck with the graceful and original performance of the piquant little lady who, under the pseudonym of Mdle. Ænea, has for some years past, in all parts of Europe, delighted big audiences by her apparently mysterious aerial flights, which, combined with her talents as a dancer, make her performance one which can be seen with renewed pleasure many times. I was, therefore, glad of an excuse to get behind the scenes, in order to learn how and by what means the feat is accomplished, for from the front of the house nothing whatever can be seen to give the slightest clue as to the working of the effect. Having sent in a little note to the courteous stage-manager, Mr. W. P. Dando, explaining my mission, I was immediately invited up into his sanctum, where I found the gentleman in the act of rolling up his shirt-sleeves, evidently preparing for work.

"Want to do a sketch of my wife and have a chat with her? Yes," he added, with a grin, anticipating my question, "Mdle. Ænea has been Mrs. Dando for some years now. Well, I'm sure she will be delighted to see you after her performance, for she is going on in a few minutes. Meanwhile, perhaps you would like to come up with me on to the gridiron, and see how the thing is worked?" Although I had no idea as to what or where the "gridiron" was, I unhesitatingly replied that nothing would give me greater pleasure. "Then you had better take off your coat and gloves, for you'll find it pretty warm up there." This, I thought, was only what one would naturally expect on a gridiron.

He then led the way up flight after flight of stairs, away past the "flies," and across a sort of terrace, from which a magnificent and uninterrupted view of the neighbouring roofs and chimneys was obtained, till at length we reached what is practically the very top of the tall building which is a sort of landmark in Western London, and from which by night the electric search-light flashes. Here, right under the tiles, is the "gridiron," a vast loft, the flooring of which is built with wide spaces between the boards to allow of the numberless wire ropes to pass down from the wheels above to the scenery below in the flies. Right in the middle of the place were a couple of small, curiously shaped machines, which Mr. Dando proceeded to overhaul and put in working order. This, he explained to me, was his "flying" apparatus.

"But where are your assistants?" I asked.

"I work the scene entirely by myself," was the reply. "The whole thing is so simple that I require no assistance, and always come up here alone. As a matter of fact, I never allow anyone to come with me, for I don't want this invention of mine copied. You are the first exception to this rule." Like all very clever ideas, it is simplicity itself: the whole conception is based on the movement of a pendulum; the raising and lowering of the performer, who, for the time being, represents the weight at the end, is accomplished by an extremely ingenious contrivance of powerful india-rubber springs, which work an Archimedean screw controlled by a hand-break—so simple that a child could work it. It is practically a big pendulum swinging on powerful elastic.

"The ballet is going to begin now," said Mr. Dando, as he began to unwind something from the wheel of one of the machines.

"But where is the rope to which Ænea is attached?" I naturally asked, for I could see nothing in the wheel.

"Look closer," he replied. To my astonishment, I then noticed that he was winding out a wire not thicker than what one would attach to a small bell-pull. "It is of platinum, and would stand a very much heavier strain than that put on it by my wife, who is not a heavy woman, by any means."

In the stillness of the big, dimly lighted "gridiron," the music from the orchestra sounded with strange distinctness, while 70 feet below us, through the openings between the boards, the people on the stage were so dwarfed and foreshortened as to look like midgets.

"Now she is going on," said Mr. Dando, who was intently following the movements of the ballet.

The wheel he was holding began to revolve rapidly as the wire ran out, till he checked it with the break. This, he informed me, was Ænea's graceful entrance on the stage from the high bridge at the back of the scene. The other machine was then brought into requisition, as it controlled a different portion of the stage. All looked so simple and worked so smoothly that to watch the man kneeling by the little machine as, through a hole in the boards, he followed the movements of the figure down below him, it was difficult to realise that there was a human life attached to that slender wire, and that the slightest failure of the break he was holding, or even a sudden weakness on his part, might result in serious disaster. Suddenly there was a snap—one of the rubber springs had given way.

"I thought it would," remarked Mr. Dando, casually; "one more or less makes no difference; still, I always have a couple of spare ones ready." To adjust the new one was the work of a few seconds only—there was no hitch whatever. "Well, there's another ten pounds to our account," said Mr. Dando, jocularly, winding up the wire again, and getting up from his kneeling position as the final bars of music indicated the end of the ballet. "You've seen all there is to be seen up here; now come downstairs and I'll introduce you to my wife." This was soon done, and in reply to my question—

"Well, I have really very little to tell you," modestly replied the lady.

"But how about this flying performance?"

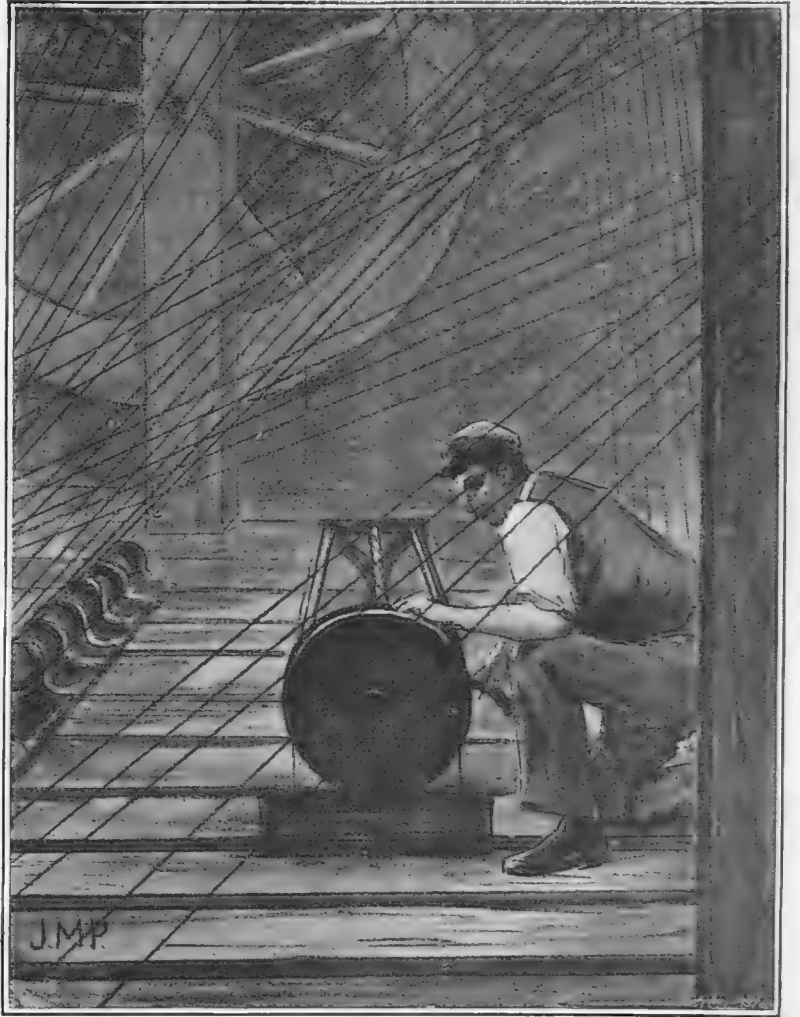
"I've got so used to it by now that I scarcely notice when I'm off

the ground. It seems to come quite naturally to be able to spring up into the air and float across the stage."

"Don't you ever feel nervous that the wire might give way, or something go wrong with the machine above?"

"Never; for I know my husband is up there, so I feel confident nothing can go amiss, and, as a matter of fact, there has never been the slightest hitch or accident all the years I have done the performance. But I would not trust myself to anyone else."

I was then shown the ingenious iron arrangement at the back of her neck and hidden by a sort of collarette, on to which the iron is hooked.



MR. DANDO WORKING THE MACHINE UP IN THE "GRIDIRON."

The corsets thus support the weight of the body, so no sense of being pulled up is experienced.

"Of course, the actual ballet itself and the graceful music help to heighten the effect," I remarked.

"Yes, certainly. The music was composed specially for me by Signor Tito Mattei, and the ballet was arranged by Balbiani from a plot supplied by my husband."

"And do you always appear in the same scene?"

"Yes—that is to say, nearly always, though I vary my costume occasionally. The one you are now sketching is the 'Mouche d'Or,' and was designed for me by Coumelli."

"You have given this performance in many places, then?"

"Yes, all over Europe."

J. M. P.

A ROMANCE.

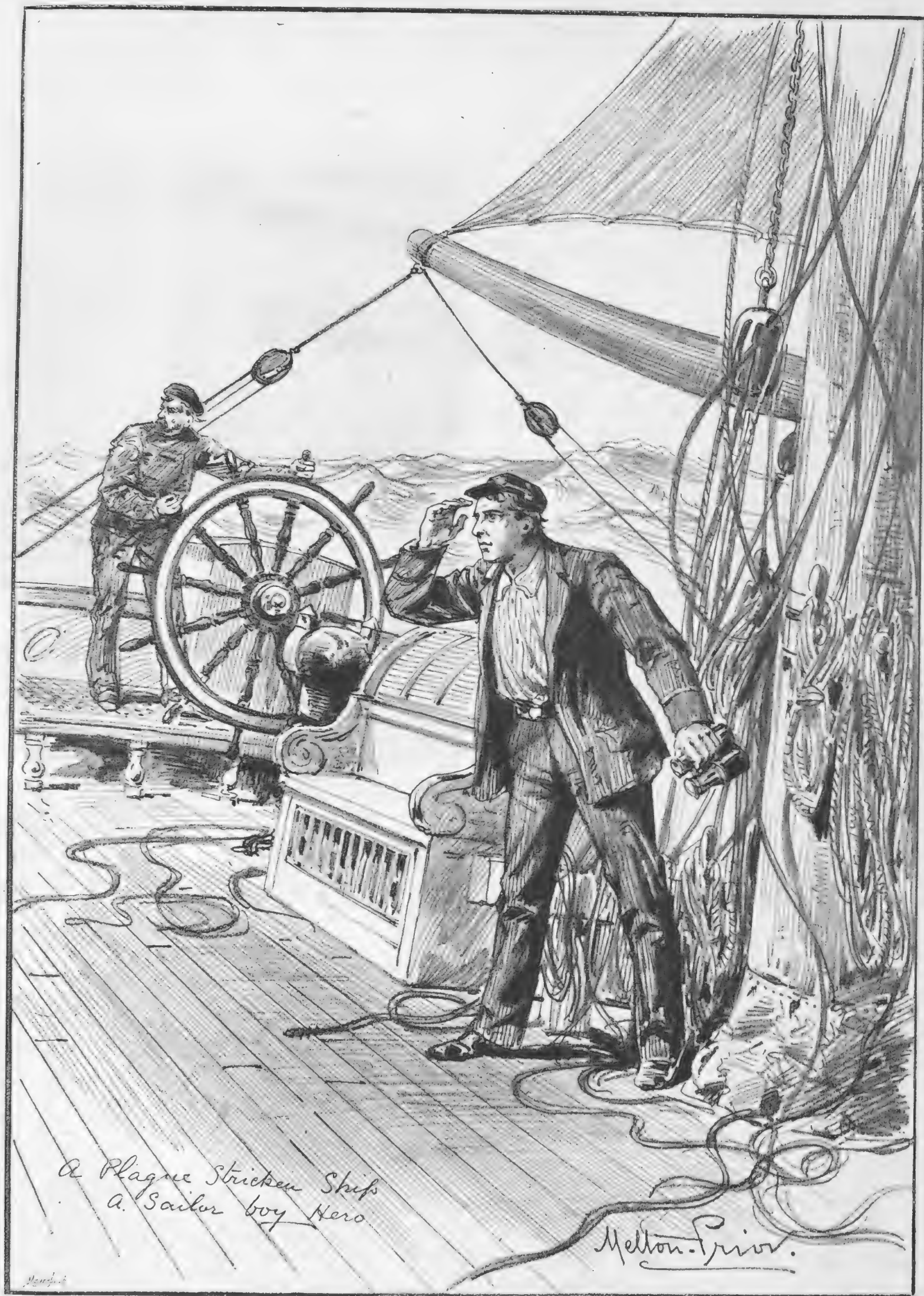
She was a summer maiden,
Slender, seductive, and fair;
He was a Harvard student,
With a very distinguished air.

They drove, they danced, and they boated,
And flirted away the days;
He talked of college and football,
And she of society's ways.

But oft on the moonlit evenings,
When they sauntered along the shore,
They murmured of dearer topics
That figure in lovers' lore.

Yet they parted at last with coldness,
As the fondest of sweethearts can,
For they simultaneously discovered through
The agency of a mutual friend that
He was engaged to a Boston girl
And she to a New York man.—*Life*.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF NATURE.



A BOY CAPTAIN.

Recent advices from Melbourne contain intelligence of the arrival there of the Glasgow four-masted ship *Trafalgar*, from New York and Batavia, on Dec. 17, in charge of an apprentice, William Shelton, aged eighteen. The youth reported that the captain, the chief officer, the third officer, the cook, and two seamen had all died of Java fever during the voyage. Three men deserted at Batavia, and the second officer obtained his discharge there. The duty then devolved on Shelton of endeavouring to navigate the vessel, short-handed, to Melbourne, which he did with great difficulty.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Among Major Wilson's brave little band who were cut down by the Matabele was a well-known footballer. I refer to F. L. Vogel, son of Sir Julius Vogel, who played for the Charterhouse team, and also for the Old Carthusians.

When Captain M'Calmont and his brother officers inaugurated football in the Army, they little thought that it would become a little nursery for many of the League teams. Quite a number of soldiers have been bought out of the Army to play for different clubs, among them being Sanders and Grier, of Preston North End, Powell and Storrs, of Woolwich Arsenal, and Davies, of Millwall Athletic.

The latest recruit to a League club is T. Hyslop, of the 2nd Scots Guards, who has just gone over to the Sunderland Club. He is a good left-wing forward, with excellent physique and speed, and will probably make a first-class player.

I could mention half-a-dozen footballers in the Army who are worthy their places in any League team; but, as I have no wish to make this column a recruiting ground for League clubs, I refrain from giving names.

It is rather surprising that an amateur team should be the first to defeat Aston Villa at home this season. To the Corinthians belongs the honour. Of course, it may be said that the Villans were not up to full strength; but the same is equally true of the other side. Rarely has such goal-keeping as that of Gay, the old Brightonian, been seen in the Midlands. He should be a certainty for his International cap this season again.

I have a very high opinion of this season's Oxford University eleven. In their match at Queen's Club against Mr. N. L. Jackson's team the other day the Oxonians fairly ran away with what might have been considered a fair team of Corinthians. On the same day Cambridge University brought off an excellent performance by beating the Old Etonians by five to two. The brothers Gosling were performing for the Old Boys, who were nearly at full strength. Although Cambridge is stronger than anyone anticipated they would or could be, I don't think they have a ghost of a chance against the Oxonians in the coming inter-Varsity contest.

The formation of a Southern League has caused a little flutter among Association players in the south. It is a pity, however, that the League is not more representative, for, as a matter of fact, the clubs which are not included are stronger than those that compose the new League. The Old Boy clubs in London and district look with disfavour upon this kind of competition, although why they should do so is not easy to guess. The clubs composing the Southern League are Chatham, Clapton, Ilford, Millwall, Luton, Swindon, 2nd Scots Guards, and Royal Ordnance Factory.

I have already spoken more than once about the probable formation of professional clubs in London. It is now almost certain that next season we shall see a professional club located at Herne Hill, the famous cycling track enclosure; while the Sports Club have leased a large ground at Walthamstow, their object being to run a professional football team and lay down a first-class cycling track. The capital of the Herne Hill Club is said to be £3000, while that of the Sports Club will be £30,000, with two-thirds called up. I have great hopes of the Walthamstow scheme turning out a good one, as there is a large resident population in the district; but I doubt whether the Herne Hill Club will prove a success, owing to the small capital and the sparse population.

I have an idea that it would pay to run a professional club at Tufnell Park, in the north of London. It is very easy to get a gate of 5000 in that district to see moderate football. A really first-class club should draw an average gate of at least 10,000.

Keep your eye on Sunderland. Not only is the League club pulling up fast in the League championship, but their chances of the Association Cup are as bright as ever they were. Sunderland have met with bad luck in previous seasons in Cup-tie matches, and it may be that they will have a little good fortune on their side this season.

Football is growing more rapidly in France than most of us have any idea of. The Racing Club de France have decided to return the visit of Oxford University either next Saturday or Monday, and it is probable that before returning to Paris they will meet the Civil Service again. I hear that Cambridge University and the Racing Club are also corresponding with a view to arranging a match.

Fancy a football match between France and Germany! Yet such a thing is not only proposed, but is very likely to be consummated this season. The chief difficulty is the venue. The Germans will not come to France, and the Frenchmen are equally averse to playing in Germany. Proposals are being made to play it either in Switzerland or England, and it might be as well in view of the feeling between the two nations that the match should be played for the first time on neutral territory. Who knows but that a regular meeting between these two countries in the football arena would tend to restore peaceable relations between those great Continental rivals?

It is not generally known that the Rugby teams of the principal French colleges have an inter-scolaire championship. The Lycée Henri IV. won it last season, and are expected to repeat their victory this year. Eleven colleges are engaged in the competition. The French

Union have just admitted Association clubs, and I hear that M. de Pallissaux, the director of *Les Sports Athlétiques*, has decided to create an Association championship.

Gustave Duchamps is one of the finest Rugby players in France. He captained the Racing Club team which recently played Oxford

University. Although he was born in Brussels in 1872, he was educated at Dulwich College, where he remained from 1882 to 1887. Of course, he picked up his football in England. Not only does he play a fine game at half-back, but he is a fine all-round athlete, and is the champion pole-jumper of France. He comes of a family of athletes.

At last Somerset and Devon have settled their differences, and in a manner which I believe few people expected. After playing two drawn games, Somersetshire beat the Devonians by a dropped goal and a penalty goal to nil. As Somersetshire have been already beaten by



Photo by Z. Chiesi, Paris.

GUSTAVE DUCHAMPS.

Yorkshire, both the western counties are now out of the running for the championship.

I should think Newport is the most attractive Rugby team in the kingdom. Anyhow, the famous Usksiders drew a record crowd of 15,000 people to Rectory Field to witness the match with Blackheath. Considering the strong manner in which the Heathens have been going, a close game was expected; but the Welshmen proved superior at all points, and won easily enough by three tries to a goal. The resolute forward work on both sides destroyed the pretty passing game which we expect to see from a Welsh club; but on each occasion when the tries were scored the Newport men showed to what success scientific play may be carried. W. B. Thompson, who came up from Scotland to play for Blackheath, scored the only try of the "club," and was far and away the best man on his side. He ought certainly to get his cap for England in the Scottish match.

The conversion of the nations to the four three-quarter system is now universal. No one would have dreamed that the change would have come about so rapidly and completely. Not only have all the principal clubs adopted the Welsh formation, but even conservative Scotland and slow old Ireland have given in to it.

Next Saturday we shall see two International matches played. Ireland will be seen at Blackheath playing England, and though the wearers of the green will probably play their usual hard and determined game, they are not likely to be a match for the more scientific and resourceful Englishmen.

The little affair at Newport between Scotland and Wales is likely to be far more open. I am pleased to think that the Welsh Union have agreed with me in making very few changes in the team that went down before England at Birkenhead. The chief change is at three-quarter back, where Pearson and Fitz-Gerald—the latter an Irishman, by-the-way—have been substituted for Conway-Rees and Norman Biggs. This change will probably strengthen the team, although I doubt whether it was a wise move on the part of Tom Graham, of Newport, to stand down in order to allow his club-mate Day to come in among the scrummagers.

Scotland has a powerful team, including Gedge, whom I spoke of last week as being worth his International cap. The Scotch forwards are a strong lot on paper, but I am a wee bit afraid that there are too many crocks among them. If anything, I incline towards the chances of Scotland to win.

CRICKET.

I notice that Shrewsbury's benefit match of last season resulted in a profit of less than £200. The subscriptions, which are not yet closed, amount to about £400.

Financially, Notts cricket is in a very bad way, and it is rather remarkable that nearly one-half of the season's gate-money was taken at the Surrey match. The moral is obvious. It is rather sad to think that a wet Whitsun would ruin the Notts Club. To my mind, the Notts cricketers are largely, if not entirely, to blame for the lack of public interest. The players should give the public something to look at, and not play merely for their averages.

OLYMPIAN.

THE NEW DIVER: MISS ANNIE LUKER.

My eyes were fixed with thousands of others on the slight, gracefully poised figure which was being drawn upwards to that tiny aerial platform whence the famous dive was to be taken which would prove or disprove the equality of man and woman—in this particular case, at any rate. Up, up it went, the prettily rounded, girlish figure set off to perfection by its dainty garb of turquoise-blue and white, the long, dark hair streaming far below the waist, and then, as the platform was almost reached, suddenly the band ceased playing, and silence, absolute and awesome, fell upon the thousands who thronged every available corner of the Aquarium on that Saturday afternoon.

As Miss Annie Luker stepped on to the platform I got a glimpse of her face, and, truth to tell, it was the least concerned, the most absolutely



Photo by Finberson and Son, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

fearless of any there. She gave a smiling glance around at the packed mass of humanity, tossed back her hair, and then—was gone, a flashing streak of blue-and-white that disappeared with a terrific splash into the water beneath.

There was one second of awful, thrilling suspense, and then, before anyone had quite realised what had happened, the heroine of the hour was being drawn out by willing hands from the shallow tank, to the accompaniment of cheer upon cheer, that would not be silenced, and in which the pent-up excitement and suspense of the few preceding moments found full vent. She did not long face that cheering, clapping crowd, but slipped away quietly, a little dripping, lithe figure, while Professor O'Rourke took his dive from the platform opposite her own. I caught a glimpse of her standing at the side of the great central stage afterwards, calmly drying her luxuriant hair, and listening smilingly to the spirited discussion going on between Mr. Ritchie and the Professor, a discussion which, after some considerable delay, ended by Miss Luker agreeing to take the dive once more, this time from Professor O'Rourke's own platform, the height of which was a foot or two greater than that of the one from which she had first dived.

When, for the second time, Miss Luker had disappeared, I felt that no time was to be lost if I intended to get a few minutes' conversation with her, so, after one or two false starts, I ran her to earth at last in Mr. Ritchie's room.

"I shall not keep you more than ten minutes, I promise," I said reassuringly. "First of all, please tell me candidly, were you not dreadfully nervous just now?"

"No, I can honestly say that I was not. Of course, I wanted to be successful—oh, so much!" and her fingers locked together tightly.

"You used to dive when you were at Captain Boyton's Water Show, did you not? What was the depth of the water there?"

"Oh, from twelve to fourteen feet, while here it is only seven feet two inches. The tank, as I daresay you know, is eighteen feet long and nine feet wide."

"Well, I think it is a very wonderful feat, and I am delighted that you have succeeded in proving that a woman can, at least, equal a man. Tell me, if Professor O'Rourke increases the height of his dive, will you do the same?"

"Oh! certainly," she said, with an emphatic nod of her head; "but I can assure you that I shall never try to imitate Fuller by diving through the roof. Now, I know what you are going to say, and, as your ten minutes have quite gone, I shall answer all the questions I see coming at once. First of all, then, I am nineteen years of age" (and, indeed, she looked younger), "and my father began to teach me swimming almost before I could walk. You can imagine how early he must have started when I tell you that when I was only five years old I won the 200 yards' swimming medal at the open-air baths in Tunbridge Wells. Almost immediately after that I joined the Beckwith troupe, and stayed with them for six years; then for some time I appeared at the Crystal Palace. After that I did a good deal of diving at Earl's Court, and for some time I have taught swimming; so altogether I seem to have spent the best part of my life in the water, and, indeed, I should be miserable if I were away from it long."

"Now, are you sure there is nothing else you have done, though your record is a very full one already?"

"Let me see"—and she paused for a moment. "Oh, yes! I suppose I ought to tell you that on Aug. 18, 1892, I swam eighteen miles in the Thames—from Kew Bridge to Rotherhithe—and got the championship for long-distance swimming. Now, indeed, that is all."

"Not quite. Tell me what is your chief ambition?"

"Well, I have two: first of all, I have never had an opportunity of saving life, and I should like to turn my skill to good account in that way. It would be splendid, and then, secondly, I want to go to America. If Captain Boyton goes I shall probably accompany him; but next year, in May, I am going to Antwerp with him."

F. M.

THE LATE SIR GERALD PORTAL.

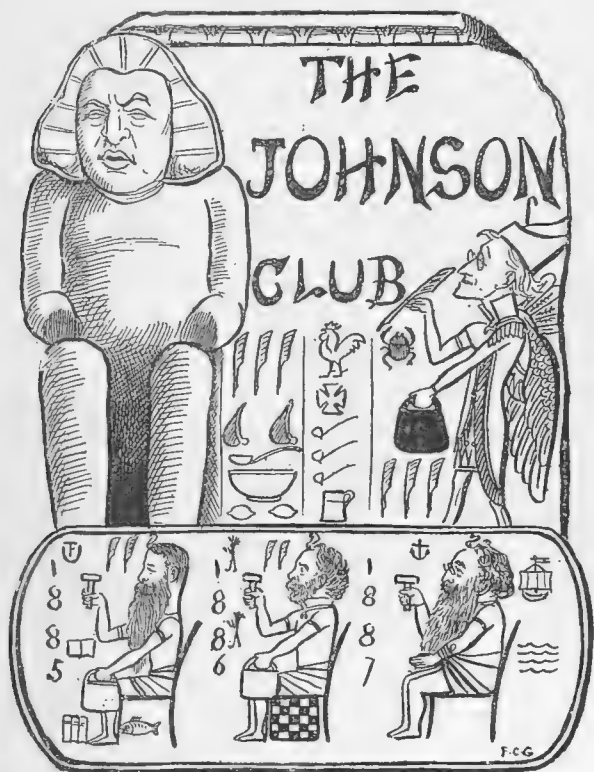
The death of Sir Gerald Portal must be regarded as another sacrifice to the winning of Africa. During his recent mission to Uganda he had suffered from malarial fever, and its recurrence on his return to England induced an attack of typhoid fever, to which he succumbed on Thursday afternoon. Sir Gerald was only thirty-six years old, and yet he had made his mark in diplomacy. He entered the Diplomatic Service as an Attaché in 1879, and his ability was not long in being recognised, for, three years later, he was temporarily attached to the Agency and Consulate-General in Cairo. Almost immediately the Arabi movement reached its crisis, and young Portal was present at the bombardment of Alexandria, for which he received the medal with clasp and the Khedive's star. From that time his official life was almost entirely spent in Africa. At Cairo, to which he was transferred in 1884, he acted for Sir Evelyn Baring during several months, and did so with great ability. Then he was entrusted with the mission to Abyssinia to attempt to bring about a pacification between King John and the Italians. He foresaw its failure, but gladly availed himself of the mission, which was fruitful of a book published in 1892, called "My Mission to Abyssinia." Though the mission failed, Mr. Portal on returning from Abyssinia received a C.B., returning to Cairo, whence, in 1891, shortly after his marriage with Lady Alice Josephine, daughter of Lord Abingdon, he was transferred to Zanzibar. Here, too, his influence was soon felt, and his services were rewarded in 1892 by his being made a K.C.M.G. When the Uganda question reached its acute stage, Sir Gerald was sent to report on the situation. That has proved a deadly mission for him, and not only for Sir Gerald, but for his brother, who had accompanied him as his chief military officer. Our portrait is from a photograph taken recently off the East African coast by Mr. G. H. Sturgess, of H.M.S. Swallow.



THE LITERARY CRANKS OF LONDON.

II.—THE JOHNSON CLUB.

It was December 13, a day sacred to every Johnsonian as the anniversary of the Sage's death. The members of the Club, founded in tribute to his memory, were assembled in the Old Cheshire Cheese—the only tavern in Fleet Street which retains the sanded floor, the solid wooden seats, partitioned off in snug little boxes, the hearty old English fare of Johnson's day. The company had dined sumptuously off the pudding, crowded with dainties, the apple pie and toasted cheese, the honest ale



foaming in the long glass. In front of the Prior and Sub-Prior steamed bowls of punch, and from the "churchwardens" rose wreaths of smoke, amidst a general clatter of epigram and repartee. At the head of the room, by the big fireplace, stood an old chair, once occupied by the Sage himself, and empty now, for even the boldest Johnsonian, even the Admiral—who, with his stout heart, had been known to propose a meeting of the Club on the deck of a British ironclad in the Bay of Biscay—even he had never ventured to seat himself in that venerable and awe-inspiring piece of furniture.

Suddenly there was a hush, and the Prior rose, according to his wont on this anniversary, to propose "The Immortal Memory of Dr. Johnson," a toast which was drunk in respectful and even prayerful silence. Just then the Admiral, who, being an expert drinker, had drained his glass before the others, uttered a loud exclamation, and stared very hard at Dr. Johnson's chair.

"What's the matter?" cried several.

"Don't you see?" said the Admiral, in a fearsome whisper. "Look there!"

They all gazed steadily in the direction of his extended and trembling pipe.

"I can't see anything," remarked the Sub-Prior, a lawyer and a member of Parliament, who had, perhaps, by virtue of these dignities, a double dose of scepticism. "The punch is too strong for the Admiral. Serve him with an extra ration of hot water."

"How purblind, flippant, and material these M.P.'s are!" said the Earnest Journalist to his neighbour. "When the Social Revolution stares them in the face, and even hits them between the eyes, they try to pass it by."

"Can you see anything?" asked his neighbour.

The Earnest Journalist adjusted his glasses. "Well, no," he said. "There seems to be some pleasantries going on. How people can jest about trivialities at this crisis in the history of Labour——"

But the attention of the company was now thoroughly excited by the singular behaviour of the Admiral. He made several profound bows towards the venerated chair; then he shook his head in a deprecating manner, as if demurring to some suggestion, and finally resumed his seat with an expression of great humility.

"I believe there is something there, after all," said the Publisher, in a low voice.

And sure enough the tobacco smoke which had been curling round the chair in a curious way seemed to take substance, and slowly, to the astonished gaze of the whole room, there emerged the solid figure of a man in a wig, with a great head which moved from side to side, while one hand rubbed his knee, and a strange sound as of a clucking hen came from his mouth, followed at last by a puffing noise.

Everybody held his breath for an instant, and then the Prior, looking

rather white, made a frantic snatch at the punch-bowl, and filling his glass, stood up and cried, "Brethren, once more—the health of Dr. Johnson, with three times three!"

A terrific cheer shook the ceiling, after which the company sat down abruptly, with the aspect of men who have done a rash thing, and dare scarcely think what may come of it.

But the Sage looked about him with a smile that was delightful to see. He took up a pipe and filled it, and then said, with a chuckle, "Boys, you must not be too noisy. I have given Bozzy the slip. I have eluded his vigilance by a circuitous perambulation. He is gone to Inverary because I asked if the Duke of Argyll still held his state there, and Bozzy was for showing me some papers to prove that the lairds of Auchinleck come of better stock than the Campbells. I said the pride of family was like the pride of a housewife who keeps her sheets in the press folded in lavender; but some people make a boast of the lavender when they have lost the sheets."

"Don't you think, Sir," said the Earnest Journalist, while his companions sat dumbfounded at his temerity, "that the time has come when the family should be superseded by the State?"

"No, Sir, I do not," replied the Sage, rolling about in his chair. "I perceive you are one of those persons who are always trying to root up what they never had the opportunity, and could not have had the sense, to plant. The State can supersede the family only by clapping its members into jail. I hope your relatives deserve that treatment less than you do."

There was a great laugh at this, while the Earnest Journalist muttered, "Still the same abusive old Tory!"

"May we respectfully ask, Sir," said the Admiral, "whether this visitation is to whet our blunted purpose—if I may venture in your presence to quote the Ghost in 'Hamlet'—or whether your august shade comes often to the tavern which once echoed the wisdom of Dr. Johnson, the philosophy of Burke, the wit of Goldsmith, and the conversation of the minor satellites who surrounded you, and drew life and inspiration from the inexhaustible luminary——"

The Johnson Club



Anniversary Supper

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1893

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Ye Beer of Olde England and y^e Red Wine of France

Y^e APPLE PYE with CREAM Mounted in y^e Olde Style

Y^e CASTLE CHEESE. yelegt y^e CHESHIRE, and stewed before y^e gridle fire

Punch, y^e Churchwarden Pipe, and Good Fellowship to follow

Here the Admiral paused for refreshment, and the Club, which was rather proud of his sonorous elocution, felt curious and just a little apprehensive as to its effect on the visitor.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "you are to consider that the apparition in 'Hamlet' is a figment—"

"Like the Cock Lane ghost," broke in a daring member of the Club, who was hidden behind a partition.

"Sir," continued the Doctor, "there are ghosts who are much more real than the human ape that thrusts his carcase into the company of his betters—hum!—who obtrudes his vesture of worthless clay upon the assembly of virtue and sagacity. I have been present at your meetings since this Club was founded nearly ten years ago. (Sensation.) Your proceedings have too strong a relish of Jack Wilkes. There are sad rogues among you. (Apologetic murmurs.) One of you has made a picture of me as a Pagan idol. (Here the Caricaturist was much disturbed.) Bozzy said it was a piece of intolerable impudence, and he was for haunting the offender with raps, or some such nonsense. Your pilgrimages to Oxford, where you were worthily entertained by the Master and Fellows of my old college of Pembroke, have pleased me very much. The associations of a University, even if confined to a college dinner, are exceedingly wholesome, especially to undisciplined minds."

"But, Doctor," said the Attorney-General, "do you really contend that the moral training of the average undergraduate is a permanent factor in his after life?"

"Sir," replied Johnson, "if a rook have a mind to caw, no moral influence will restrain him. But I must begone," he added, rolling his head. "By the pricking of my thumbs something Scottified this way comes. Bozzy will never forgive me for regaling you with talk he has not heard."

Then the great figure rose from the chair, and slowly faded out of sight just as there came into view for an instant the form of a small, lean man, with an inquisitive expression, who gave the Club one glance of ineffable contempt and vanished.

L. F. A.

FOR NEW ZEALAND FARMERS.

Farmers in the South Island of New Zealand who deal with the Lawn Chemical Manure Company, of Mark Lane, are being offered by the company two handsome sterling silver shields, manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb. The first prize will be open to farmers of between 400 and



1000 acres, and the second to those who farm from 100 to 400 acres. The shields are offered for the best managed farm, and must be won by the same farmer three times before becoming his property. It is expected that the competition will excite considerable interest in the colony. The centres of the shields contain an emblematic figure of Agriculture, surrounded by an ornamental border sustaining Elizabethan shields, with heads of sheep and oxen, farming produce, and implements.

AN EXTRADITED'S LAMENT.

A VOICE FROM THE BOW STREET CELL.

Seated here alone (for the black-moustached jailor has had the decency to refrain from thrusting upon me the company of either petty larcenists or office-boy embezzlers), I am just in the frame of mind to think justly on my own situation and on the relation that others bear to it. The cell, with its arched roof and skylight, is not nearly so unpleasant to a man of my cultured taste as you might possibly imagine. It is even so far artistically ornate as to be provided with a yellow dado, surmounted by a ribbon of deep chocolate—further, the walls are but of painted brick. Still, to one who has some considerable native refinement the effect is somewhat of a soothing character. The perforated door, also, is mildly suggestive of *mashrabayah* (Egyptian lattice), and—but there's that hideous woman dancing again in the cell next door. "E dunno where 'e are." It is really too abominable!

What appears to me to be so most eminently disgusting is that only twenty years ago I should have been still enjoying the charms of the tropic winter, either within my palatial villa or seated outside devouring the odours of the magnolia and lazily watching the lizard in its progress on the balustrade. Ultra-civilisation has done but little for us. Forty years ago (I wish to Heaven that jailor would have more consideration, and not bang the doors so roughly!), when anyone had a slight disagreement, so to speak, with the pedantic fatherland, the rest of the world received him as a motherland—welcomed both himself and any supply of portable assets he might have arrived with. But nowadays even the Americans—a free and happy people, who occasionally shoot their Presidents when they feel so disposed—are coming down to the low level of modern bigotry. Of course, in one of the notes to that absurd work, Howard Vincent's "Criminal Code," occurs the phrase, "Except to or from America," the narrow and old-fashioned treaty with which Government is a blot upon Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and only includes (1) Murder; (2) Assault with intent to commit murder; (3) Piracy; (4) Arson; (5) Robbery (that is, larceny from the person by violence or menace); (6) Forgery, or utterance of forged paper. Blot on civilisation, indeed! In the United States, in the year 1894, men, I regret to say, of my business and intellectual calibre no longer can count on security from the attacks of their petty and malignant enemies. The same, too, may be said of the Spanish Peninsula. The frau—ahem!—I mean the skilful—manipulator of the finances of the vulgar crowd can no longer end his days in the shade of the orange grove or on the vine-clad hill. In my mind's eye—well, ear—I almost fancy that I can hear the tinkle of the guitar and the sound of the mule's hoofs in the *posada* (if that jailor does not leave off rattling those keys I will complain to Sir John, I will indeed).

Why should not one, when wearied with the false friendship of a narrow, selfish circle, be allowed to find peace and happiness in a kinder clime? Why did we for one moment allow that eminent musician who bid his subordinates discourse so sweetly in the old Savoy—why did we allow him to be taken from our very midst? And poor Wells, poor, poor, dear Wells! in hasty hatred hauled from the Havre cells! Forsooth, because he was energetically endeavouring to do the very best for the property of others, whose financial obtuseness made it a perfect charity to take their affairs in hand. Again, why should poor Ravachol's partner have been allowed to be hurried away from Hoxton to meet a fate—well, to be a martyr to the laws of illiberal prejudice and cowardice?

It is curious to reflect that a magistrate at Liverpool or Manchester should have the power to back a foreign warrant, although the poor charged one always ultimately finds his way to Bow Street. The liberties of England are positively suffocated beneath the press of extradition warrants.

Just fancy! Take Articles 18. and 19, and see what they say: "Fraud by a bailee, banker, agent, factor, trustee, or director, or member, or public officer of any company, made criminal by any Act for the time being in force, obtaining money, valuable security, or goods by false pretences, including receiving any chattel, money, valuable security, or other property, knowing the same to have been unlawfully obtained." Think of this, and then think of the good old days when the "hammered" stockbroker could always find on the banks of sweet Lucerne or in the villa on the Corniche road that calm repose which is the just reward of a well-spent financial existence!

Ah! those were halcyon days when the Second Empire was at its best. The gallant, swarthy, becloaked foreigner—so often mistaken for a friend of the heroic Orsini or of Mazzini, but in reality the ingenious trader from the banks of the slow-gathering Seine—how pleasantly could he pass his hours of temporary exile in the modest *cafés* which surround the Leicester Square and Soho districts. Sometimes from the uppermost windows of cheerful Regent Street the rich tones of the Gascon could be heard troling forth the latest ballad of Verdi; sometimes—but it almost brings tears in my eyes to think that the curse of "extradition" should have transported so many merry, light-hearted fellows from our inhospitable shores to the galling chains and the burning sun of Marseilles. And, pray, I ask you, what is Boulogne now to the dear, dear Boulogne of old? In the sad year when the remains of Marshal St. Arnaud were borne into its harbour Boulogne still bore a cheerful face—and for why, pray you? Why, because then many a well-dressed fellow, full of mirth and elated by excellent cognac ('twas before the days of phylloxera, and good brandy was really cheap), could laugh at the discomforts of Whitecross Street and saecr at the terrors of the Old Bailey.

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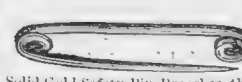
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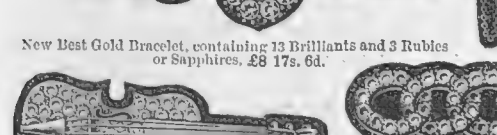
Solid Gold Safety Pin Brooches, this size, 3s. 6d. larger, 4s. 6d. 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Same in Silver, 1s. 3d. and 1s. 6d. each. Smaller size, in Gold, 2s. 6d.



New Double Heart Brooch containing 13 Rubies or Sapphires and 27 Brilliants. Stones set transparent, £5 5s.



New Brooch, 17 Brilliants and 1 whole Pearl, £7 7s. Or with 18 Rose Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s.



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New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 Ruby, £5 15s. 1 or with Diamond Centre, £6 15s. Choice whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £5 5s.



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Cinderella Quality.

6 Buttons, 2/3; 8-Button length Mousquetaire, 2/6; 12-Button length ditto, 2/11; 16-Button length ditto, 3/6; 20-Button length ditto, 3/11 per pair. In Black, White, Cream, Pink, Lavender, Biscuit, and Tan Shades.

DRESS KID GLOVES.

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LADIES' REAL KID GLOVES.

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1-Clasp Kid, with Fancy Striped Wool Lining, Deep Fur Tops, in Black and Brown Shades 3/6

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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is the prevailing opinion in racing circles that the National Hunt Rules require altering to make the sport more popular. The rule at present in force, that half the prize-money must be given to steeplechases, is, I think, absurd, seeing how popular hurdle racing has become. After all, those who own horses should have some little voice in the selection of stakes, and I am convinced that if a vote were taken eighty per cent. of the owners would say that a day's programme should consist of four hurdle races and two steeplechases. It is worse than useless to attempt to build up steeplechasing at the expense of hurdle racing, which is being done just now. Under the present rules, selling hurdle races are run on £40 lines, whereas if officials were allowed their own way £100 prizes, and nothing less, would be offered. Then it would be possible to run horses in these races and make it pay without betting; now it is utterly impossible.

One of the best all-round sportsmen of the present day is Mr. Harding Cox, whose form is familiar to race-goers. Mr. Harding Cox owns several horses in training under the eagle eye of Pickering, and I fancy

he will win one or two good races yet with Dornroschen, who is more than useful. Mr. Harding Cox rode this horse in the opening race at Goodwood, and I think he ought to have won, but Dornroschen is an awkward animal to handle. Mr. Harding Cox, I understand, rides to hounds as straight as the crow flies. He has been an M.F.H., and showed his followers some good sport. He is fond of coursing, but is very unfortunate with his greyhounds, as he seldom wins any big stake, and he has yet to nominate the winner of the Waterloo Cup. Mr. Harding Cox is a good polo-player, a successful angler, and a fair performer at lawn-tennis. He is a



Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.
MR. HARDING COX.

telling shot, and has often won prizes at the Gun Club. Mr. Harding Cox intimated his intention of retiring from the Turf last autumn, but I am glad to hear that he has altered his mind, as we can ill afford to lose such a good all-round sportsman from the list of owners.

George Barrett was in bad health last season: as a consequence, he did badly in the saddle. I am glad to learn, however, that his trip to Egypt is doing him a lot of good, and I have no doubt he will be very near to the top of the list of winning jockeys at the end of '94. It must not be forgotten that Marsh's horses were dead out of form last season, and, as luck would have it, Watts rode La Flèche to victory on many occasions. Barrett is a fine horseman; he learned many wrinkles from the late Fred Archer, and he is seldom left at the post, while he can finish to perfection.

In a few days the weights for the Spring Handicaps will be issued, and then business proper will commence for the season. In the meanwhile the Continental list men are doing a roaring trade at outside prices. For the Lincoln Handicap the horses up to the present that have been supported by the public for large sums are Grey Leg, Gangway, Xury, Tibbie Shiels, Roy Neil, William, and Lady Hermit. If all I hear is true, the only animal really backed in earnest for the Grand National is Cloister, although small sums have been entrusted to Why Not, Æsop, and Ardearn. The last named is sure to be going great guns, and the Irish people will not try him before the day of the race this time.

Mr. Matthew Dawson is about to retire, as he feels that, owing to his ill health, he can no longer stand the worry attached to the training of horses. I hope, however, we shall see the veteran lead back the Derby winner of '94. Of Ladas, Matthew Dawson has always entertained a very high opinion. The fact that the colt was not allowed to contest the Lancashire Plate was freely commented on last September, but Dawson denied the statement that the son of Hampton was started because he (Dawson) was of the opinion that a two-year-old could not win the race. The truth of the matter was that Lord Rosebery questioned the veteran trainer about the colt and his prospect of success in the Derby, and so flattering was the reply that our Foreign Secretary decided not to throw away the last chance. Included in Dawson's string are some very promising two-year-olds. Gas by Ayrshire—Illuminata, thus a sister to Ladas, should win plenty of races, and then there are sons and daughters of such celebrities as Foxhall, Barcaldine, Galliard, Minting, Bend Or, and St. Honorat.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Just at present there seems nothing going on but marrying and giving in marriage, for everyone is eager to enter into the bonds of matrimony before the approach of Lent, when smart weddings are at a discount. From all that I can hear, Lent is likely to be kept very strictly this year, not, sad to say, from any religious scruples, but from the necessity for economising, which seems to be felt on all sides. The majority of women will be only too glad to cease for a time from dissipations, which entail large expenditure in the shape of new gowns, and hostesses will rest from their labours with a light heart and a purse which stands a chance of growing comparatively heavy. There will, however, be at least one Drawing Room in February, and the second will follow early in March at the latest, so there will be quite enough to keep everybody from stagnating altogether.

As for me, I felt like Othello this week, for my occupation seemed to be gone, Dame Fashion having resolutely retired into temporary seclusion, and none of her movements being left for me to chronicle. It came to pass, therefore, that I wandered a little aimlessly into Wigmore Street, and once there it followed as a matter of course that I went into Debenham and Freebody's, and so, as I was leaving fashion severely alone, I passed on to the furniture department, for, in view of the epidemic of weddings and the enormous number of houses which will have, as a natural consequence, to be fitted up and furnished, this seemed to me to be the subject of the moment *par excellence*. And so on behalf of the about-to-be-married and set-up-housekeeping-couples, I went religiously through a most fascinating assortment of chairs and easels, settees and tables—in fact, the most widely differing articles of all kinds—and managed to enjoy myself considerably meanwhile.

Especially was I delighted with a very large and varied collection of the quaintest old brasses and pewters, and the most delightful old delf, which would be simply perfect for decorative purposes in conjunction with old-oak furniture. Lovers of such curiosities should not lose what is really a very exceptional opportunity, for Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are selling off their whole stock at remarkably low prices. Then the exquisite Persian and Turkey rugs and carpets, with their indescribable colours blended together into a most harmonious and withal eminently rich and effective whole—there is surely no need to sing their praises, only let me advise you specially to look over them carefully, for they merit exceptional attention, I can assure you, both on account of quality, appearance, and price. But now, oh! ye brides-elect, let me specify a few particular articles of furniture which you will do well to purchase for the adornment of your new homes and the furtherance of your own comfort. I noticed, first of all, a charmingly pretty and most rest-inviting couch, with a wicker-work frame upholstered in very artistic cretonne, its attractiveness and cosy comfort being enhanced by a curtain screen, hung with the same cretonne, and shielding the couch most effectually from all draughts, while at the same time it formed a charmingly pretty background. Then there was a quaintly pretty settee, in quite a new shape—or, rather, in an old shape brought to life again—which so impressed me that I had it sketched for you, in order that you might better appreciate its beauties. It had a most picturesque oak spindle frame, and was upholstered in very rich-looking frisé velveteen, with a most effective



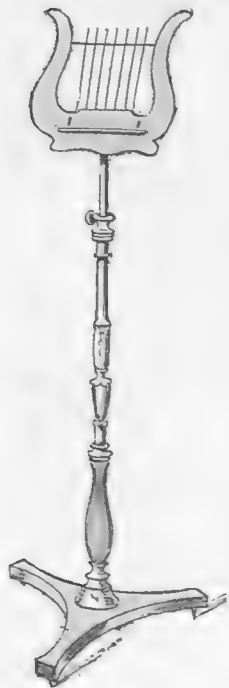
A NEW SETTEE.

floral design in perfectly harmonising shades of sage-green, terra-cotta, yellow, and soft, greyish blue. When I tell you that the price commences at ten guineas, its attractions will, if anything, I think, be enhanced.

My eye next lighted upon a most picturesque oak easel (5 ft. 6 in. in height), finished off with brass mounts, the rests being ingeniously contrived to turn inwards for packing purposes. The design was a particularly graceful one, and yet—what do you think?—the price was only thirteen shillings. I consider it a most wonderful bargain, and fortunately Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have a good stock in hand.

Now to return to our sketches. The music stand is, I think you will allow, a distinct novelty, and a very pretty one too. It is made of satinwood, in the shape of a lyre, the strings being of brass, and the very

moderate price—let me tell you confidentially—being only three guineas. The lovely little bureau desk will also appeal to a good many of you, I am sure, for it is a particularly ornamental piece of furniture, and a very useful one withal. It is made of old mahogany, and looks very pretty when closed, opening to disclose the daintiest and most perfectly appointed desk, fitted up with all manner of canny little drawers and divisions, while underneath are four good-sized drawers with brass handles. I am quite sure that no one would grudge paying £8 15s. for it. What do you say?



A PRETTY MUSIC STAND.

For dressing-room or spare bed-room—anywhere, in fact, where space is somewhat limited—nothing could possibly be better than the combination wardrobe, dressing table, and washstand which I have also had sketched for you. For myself, I consider it a very picturesque piece of furniture, and on the score of convenience, too, it is to be recommended, for everything you can want in performing your toilet is there within the reach of your hand. The washstand is particularly pretty, with its tiled back and tiny curtain at the top, and its handy little corner cupboard, in which all manner of necessary, but not always picturesque, toilet articles can be stowed away. Altogether, I think this combination piece of furniture is an immense success, and you can have it made in any kind of wood, cheap or expensive, as may seem good to you, considering the state of your purse.

Taking all these things into due consideration, I think you will admit that my researches were not by any means fruitless, and that the result will justify you all in following my footsteps to Debenham and Freebody's, and directing them specially to the various household gods to which I have drawn your notice.

To return to weddings, what a particularly lucky young woman is the Hon. Nellie Bass, who is married to-day! She is, indeed, one of Fortune's special favourites, and now she is being endowed in addition with a particularly handsome husband, and an array of presents so magnificent and princely that they fairly take one's breath away. You can get a very good idea of their general richness and beauty from the two accompanying illustrations, even though they are only two drops out of a veritable ocean of gifts.

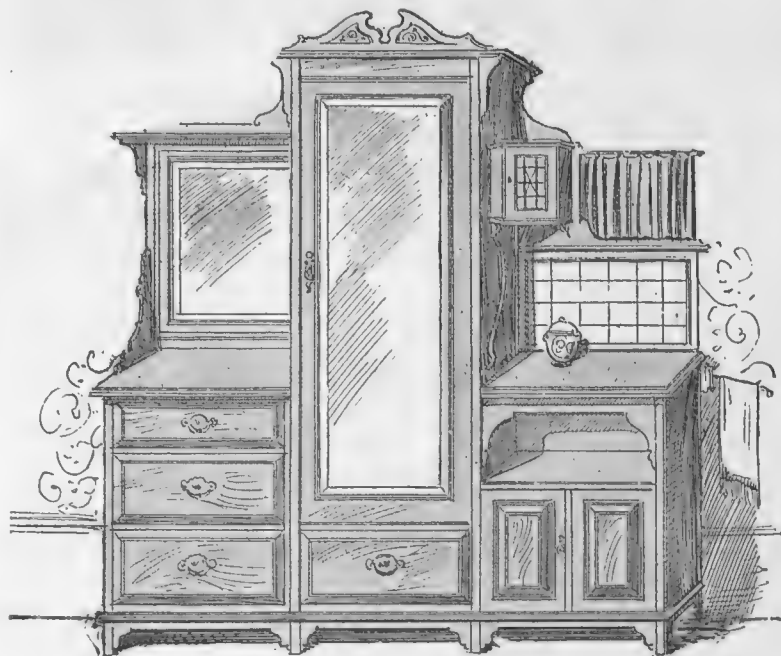
One, the present given by the tenants of the Rangemore estate, consists of a handsome solid silver tea and coffee service in a particularly



BUREAU DESK.

beautiful design, the tray fitted in a solid oak case. That is a present which most people would appreciate, is it not? And then what do you think of the exquisite diamond bracelet, typifying the arms and crest of the donors, the officers of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Prince of

Wales's North Staffordshire Regiment, of which Lord Burton is Honorary Colonel? The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street, were responsible for these two superb gifts, which do them the



A USEFUL PIECE OF FURNITURE.

greatest credit, and add one more proof of their perfect workmanship and the artistic beauty of their designs.

Whether you are going to get married or not, or whether you are already wedded, all of you, I am quite sure, take a very keen interest in matters connected with your toilet, and are ready to adopt with eagerness



SILVER TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE.

any legitimate means of rendering yourself pleasing in your own eyes and those of other people. It is a generally acknowledged fact that one of the surest means of preserving and attaining the good health without which there can be no good looks is the daily bath, cold or warm, as may best suit your particular constitution. And I am only adding my own small testimony to the weighty one of that eminent physician, Joseph Farrar, M.D., L.R.C.P., when I assure you that, in order to enjoy a really luxurious and thoroughly beneficial bath—which, without any trouble or expense, answers all the purposes of a Turkish



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"Sir, I have so many inquiries on the subject of this letter that it will greatly convenience me, and perhaps benefit many sufferers, if you permit me to say in a few words that I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for 25 years! I took LAVILLE's medicines, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail."
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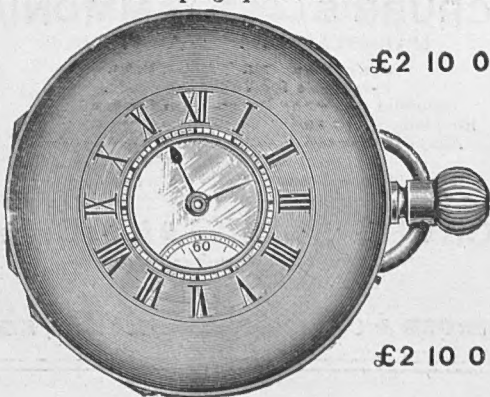
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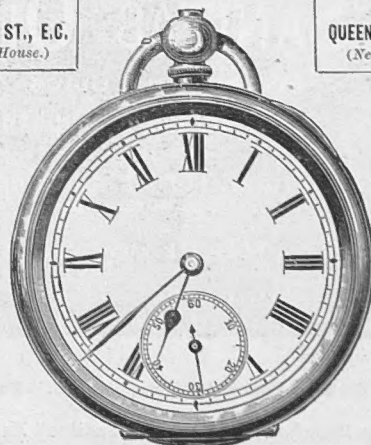
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"Sanitas" Oil, 1s Bottles; Pocket Inhalers, 1s. each. Fumigators, 3s. 6d. each.

"Sanitas" Eucalyptus Disinfectors, 1s. each. "Sanitas" Eucalyptus Oil, 1s. Bottles.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S (Cloudy Household) AMMONIA.
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Invigorating in Hot Climates.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

SCRUBB'S (Cloudy Household) AMMONIA.

1s. bottle for six to ten baths.
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & CO., 32B, Southwark Street, S.E.

bath—all that it is necessary to do is to add to the water a couple of teaspoonfuls of "Scrub's Cloudy Household Ammonia." As the bottles are only a shilling each, you can be refreshed and invigorated, and left with a delightfully soft and smooth skin, for a cost of less than a halfpenny a time! For myself, I should be very sorry to wash my face in water which had not first been softened by the addition of half a teaspoonful of Scrub's ammonia; it has a wonderful effect upon the complexion, and keeps your skin in splendid condition, especially if used in conjunction with Scrub's antiseptic skin soap, which is perfectly pure and non-alkaline. It may seem a small thing, but it is one which impressed itself very pleasantly upon me, and it is that this soap is delightfully comfortable to handle, as there are no angles or sharp corners to rub off. It is just made to fit into the palm of one's hand, and is a sort of round oval in shape, if I may use the expression. It is only a shilling a tablet, and, like the ammonia, is sold by all grocers and chemists, and when I tell you that, in addition to its toilet uses, Scrub's ammonia is a veritable household treasure, which can be utilised with equal advantage in the laundry and the nursery, while it cleans glass, crockery, silver, carpets, or jewellery to perfection, and removes stains from gowns in the most wonderful way, I think you will join with me in singing aloud its praises.

That particularly French social function, the *soirée de contrat*, had an unusually distinguished assemblage of notable people last week at the Palais de Luxembourg, when M. and Madame Jules Simon (one of the "Immortals" and ex-Premier of France) and M. and Madame Charles Simon entertained about five hundred persons in honour of the



PROGRAMME

1. Sérénade pour violon PANCOT
2. Vague de Galles FLEGER
3. Monologue
4. Air de l'opéra MEYERSON
5. Air de l'opéra REYER
6. Duo d'opéra VERDI
7. SCÈNE DE DÉMOCRITE RECHARD
8. Chansons ELAROF
9. Mimi Pinson ALFRED DE MUSSET
10. Amour et Douleur ETTORÉ SELLÉ
11. Romance de l'opéra AUGUSTE HOLMÉ
12. Monologue
13. Romance
14. Aveugle par amour DE BRYET
15. Air de l'opéra DIAZ
16. Air de l'opéra MARIENET
17. Duo de l'opéra FAURE
18. UNE VALSE

approaching marriage of Mdlle. Simon. The *soirée* was attended by famous representatives of diplomatic, artistic, and academic circles, and was followed by a dance. The programme, herewith reproduced, was a charming specimen of the artistic style of M. Mars. FLORENCE.

A FLYING MACHINE.

In Vienna they are all agog over the flying machine which has been invented by Professor Wellner, of Brunn, in Moravia. The model under construction for the great trial to take place presently has enormous sailing-wheels, with a rotary and oscillating motion. Experts declare that it will positively solve the little obstacle which gravitation has up to now put in all our aeronauts' way. If this be so, what charming possibilities of all sorts are opened to a fortunate generation—unwieldy chaperons altogether at a discount in the garden while Edwin and Angelina poise above the chimney-pots; the upper air will be suffused with romance all around, not to mention runaway debtors and messenger boys; while the cheap and nasty ways of exploiting distance—omnibus and the steamer, for example—will find themselves in the unprofitable position of having nothing to do.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Jan. 27, 1894.

Your wire ordering the sale of the £10,000 Little Chathams duly reached us, and we have much pleasure in enclosing you contract for the same at 14½, which is by no means a bad profit on the tip we gave you a fortnight ago. Considering you are taking two and a-quarter points out of the stock in so short a time, it is probably the wisest thing you can do; but had you been a holder whose stock cost 20 or 22 we should not have advised a sale at the moment. Every broker is pleased when a tip comes off, and we naturally plume ourselves on having advised this purchase at actually the lowest price ever recorded.

The week has been marked by a distinct revival in the Home Railway market, where the professional operators have been caught "bears," and are paying for their rashness. Sir Edward Watkin, as we expected, has successfully got over his meetings, and, although a meaningless resolution was carried against him at the Sheffield gathering, no doubt Lord Rookwood would be glad to escape as easily on Monday, when he has to face the irate shareholders of the Trustees Corporation.

The extraordinary and vacillating policy of the Indian Government in the matter of its currency legislation is producing most disastrous results, and just as a month ago everybody expected that an import duty on silver would be imposed, now the general idea is that the free coinage of silver will be resumed at an early date and open confession made of the last six months' folly. The truth is, dear Sir, that the authorities in India would like to bolster up their experiment, but home people will not sanction the necessary measures, so that between the two sets of rulers the results are more disastrous than if either were absolute master of the situation. It is a pity the Secretary of State ever allowed the original mistake to be made, and a greater pity that, having gone so far, he will not allow the people on the spot to direct the mistaken policy to a point at which the folly of it will be made self-evident, not only to the rest of the world, but to the Indian people.

At 101½ for a 4 per cent. stock, what sort of a rise can a buyer expect? Certainly nothing better than some fractional advance, whereas had Abbas Pasha hardened his heart and refused the apology which Lord Cromer demanded, and had France encouraged him in his resistance, it is by no means outside the range of probabilities that ten points might have been knocked off the present price in a couple of days. These things will not happen this time, dear Sir, but it is pretty sure something of the sort will come about at no distant date, for these little explosions have become significantly frequent of late.

Of course, when we wrote of the Argentine gold premium last week as over "140," it was a clerical error for "240," but as this was self-evident it hardly requires an elaborate apology. If the ordinary rules of political economy had free play, no doubt we should see the premium sink considerably under the stimulus of the export season; but gold is the favourite mode of gambling in the republic at present, and it is sorry work to prophesy so far from the scene of operations. We expect that the shareholders in the Central Argentine Railway will get a small dividend out of the improved returns, but it is unlikely to exceed 1 per cent.

In America it is said that there is a steady improvement in trade, and many factories and mills are being reopened. The railway traffics also indicate some slight improvement. For a lock-up investment we seriously think Atchison Second Mortgage Bonds are well worth picking up. The prospects of the road are far better than the present price would lead you to believe, and there is far more chance of a considerable increase than any appreciable decline in value. We hear a small issue of first mortgage bonds of a Nova Scotian railway is likely to be made under good auspices shortly, and there is a talk of a considerable sum being wanted for the construction of a line to be worked by the Great Indian Peninsula, but neither scheme is ready for presentation to the public at present.

By degrees the Jarvis-Conklin debenture-holders are finding out that all the reorganisation schemes put forward depend on a surrender of the securities especially hypothecated to them, which, indeed, is the only reason of their existence. We had an opportunity of talking over the American law with an eminent member of the New York Bar this week, and he assured us that in America there was no means of forcing a creditor to give up his special security by taking a vote and obtaining any statutory majority, so that if the debenture-holders here will just refuse to be coerced the plans which clever Mr. Jarvis is trying to thrust upon them can be easily defeated.

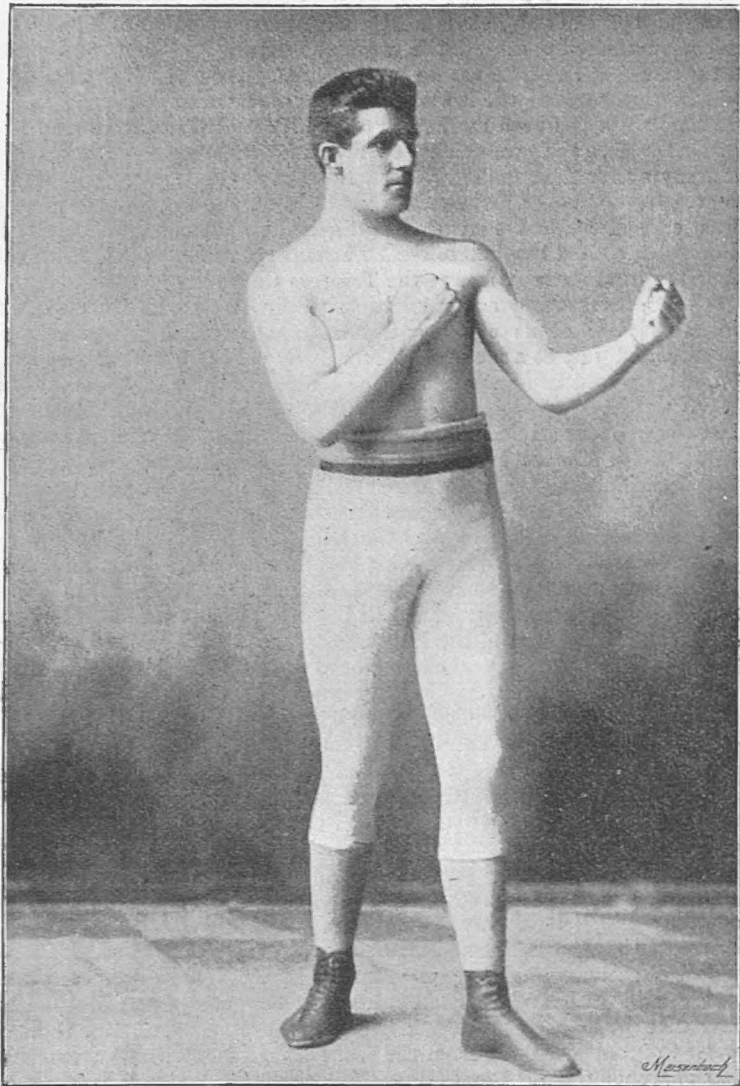
You often complain, dear Sir, that we are not able to purchase for you high-class Colonial Government and Corporation bonds, because there are none on offer at the time your orders arrive. We can with pleasure submit the following securities which a large jobber has at this moment for sale—Queensland 4 per cent. bonds at 99½; Newfoundland 3½ per cent. stock at 91; New Brunswick 4 per cent. stock at 103½; Jamaica Railway 4 per cent. stock at 100½; Quebec City 4 per cent. bonds at 95½, and Montreal 3 per cent. bonds 78½, any one of which can be bought in parcels not exceeding £5000 nominal value. There is also a parcel of Manitoba and South-Western 5 per cent. bonds, guaranteed by the Canadian Pacific Company, which can be picked up, with two months' accrued interest, at 113.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

THE MITCHELL-CORBETT FIGHT.

Britannia mourns her heroes, but she will probably recover the downfall of "Charlie" Mitchell, who has been so ignominiously beaten by James Corbett, representing America. The contest for the title of the Champion of the World, a 20,000-dollar purse, and 5000 dollars a side, was fought at Jacksonville, Florida, on Thursday afternoon. It took place under the auspices of the Duval Club of that city, who gave the purse



JEM CORBETT.

and resulted in a victory for the American, who knocked Mitchell senseless in the third round. No pugilistic encounter in recent years has been productive of so much excitement throughout the length and breadth of the land. The fight began at 2.22, Jacksonville time. Mitchell's seconds (says one account) were Jem Hall, Pony Moore, his father-in-law, Tom Allen, the veteran ex-champion, and Steve O'Donnell. Bat Masterson, the Denver desperado, was his timekeeper. Mitchell looked small in comparison to his opponent. Corbett was seconded by Billy Delaney and Jack Dempsey, the former middle-weight champion, and John Donaldson. Ted Foley, the plunger, was Corbett's timekeeper, and E. H. Garrison, the jockey, held the watch for the club.

Corbett opened the proceedings by planting his left on Mitchell's jaw. A clinch ensued. A light exchange of body blows, and Corbett landed heavily on Mitchell's left eye. Mitchell reached the ribs. Another exchange followed, and Mitchell clinched. Mitchell got home on Corbett's neck, and the latter landed right and left. Mitchell got in twice on Corbett's neck. Corbett retaliated by knocking Mitchell down twice. Then the American floored his man, and again knocked him down as he essayed to rise. The gong saved Mitchell. The second round opened with a wild exchange; then they clinched. Corbett landed one of his fierce upper-cuts on Mitchell. They again came together, and Mitchell got in a hard blow on Corbett's ribs. As Mitchell came in Corbett caught him on the head, which caused him to stagger, Corbett's upper-cut on Mitchell being most successful. He again landed his right on Mitchell's ribs. In the third round Mitchell was very weak. Corbett rushed at Mitchell, swinging his right and left heavily on the Englishman's neck. Mitchell went down, and took allowance of full time before rising. Corbett rushed at him like a wild bull. Before closing, Mitchell clinched with Corbett, but Corbett threw him off with a stiff facer. Mitchell again took the full time to rise. When he advanced towards Corbett, the latter swung his right on Mitchell's nose. Mitchell reeled, and fell on his face, bleeding badly. The referee counted ten seconds, while Mitchell lay prone and helpless. Mr. Kelly therefore declared Corbett the winner amid a scene of much excitement. The time of the fight was nine minutes. Mitchell was badly bruised and completely knocked out. He was over-matched. It was Corbett's battle from the start, although Mitchell made a fair show in the first round. The men did not shake

hands at the beginning of the fight. The referee called upon them to do so, but neither responded. Both men were arrested as they were leaving the ground in separate carriages. Corbett, on being stopped, asked what was the charge against him. The sheriff briefly replied, "Fighting."

As showing the physical development of the two men, their respective measurements may be interesting—

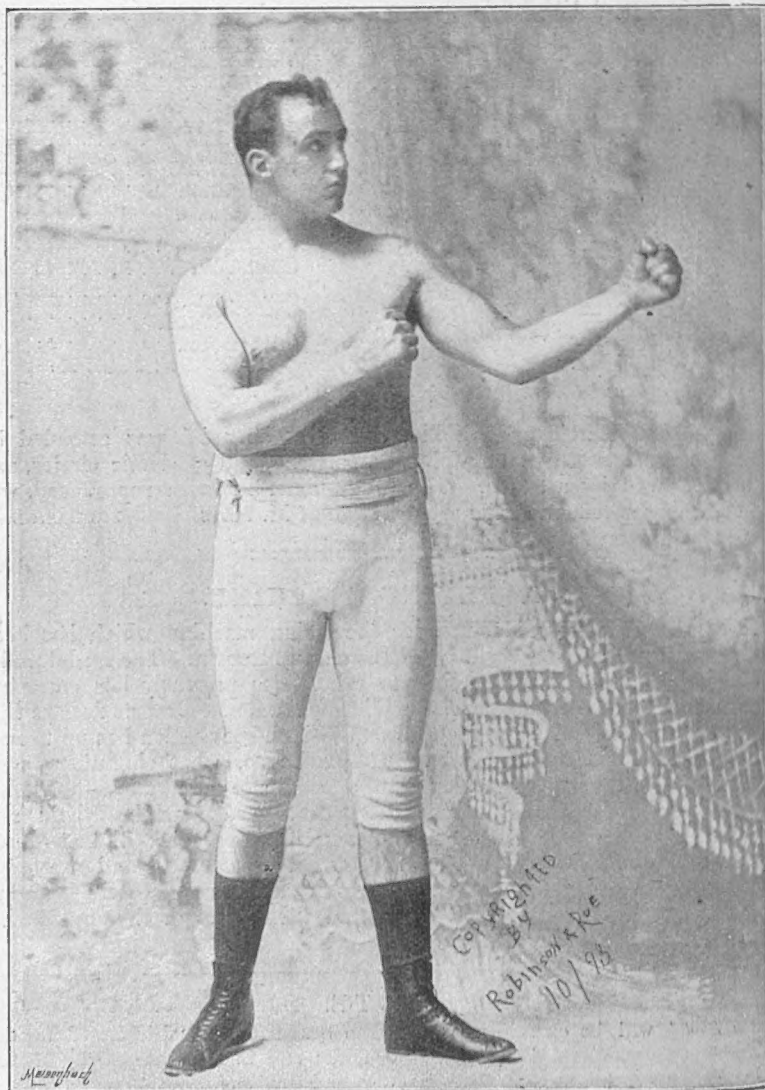
	Corbett.		Mitchell.
	Ft. in.		Ft. in.
Height	6 1½	5 8½
Measurement of chest ...	0 42½	0 44½
Measurement of calf.....	0 17	0 15½
Measurement of biceps..	0 15½	0 15½

Corbett, who was born in 1866, is an Irishman, though he has spent most of his life in America. After a lot of minor affairs, Corbett made a draw with Jack Burke, who had fought draws with Sullivan, Slavin, Mitchell, and Dempsey. His next important battle was with Joe Choynski, which took place on a barge on the Sacramento River. Corbett won all round. He next fought a draw with Kilrain for points, and had a draw with Peter Jackson after sixty-one rounds had been fought. Then came the battle of his life, on which his reputation has hitherto been based, his victory over John L. Sullivan.

Charles Mitchell, who has now fallen before his fist, is also Irish, though he was born in Birmingham, that nursery of pugilists, political and otherwise. He is five years older than Corbett. He, too, began his career by a fight with Jack Burke, but the police interfered. In 1888 he met Sullivan at Apremont, near Chantilly, France, and when thirty-nine rounds had been fought the affair was declared a draw, after the men had been in the ring 3 hrs. 16 min.

TO THE HOOK OF HOLLAND.

Another vessel was launched on Wednesday from Earle's Shipbuilding Yard for the Great Eastern Railway Company's Harwich-Hook of Holland service. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. Van Hasselt, wife of one of the directors of the Holland Railway (the line running from the Hook of Holland), and many members of the Amsterdam Town Council were also present, showing the importance attached to this new service by the City of Amsterdam. This vessel, named the Amsterdam, is a steel twin-screw steamer of about 1700 tons gross register, 302 ft. long, and 36 ft. beam, and when placed on the service she and her sister vessel, the Berlin, will be the two largest passenger steamers running between England and the Continent. She is fitted with two entirely separate sets of triple compound engines, designed to develop 5000 horsepower, giving a speed of eighteen knots an hour. The cabin accommodation of the Amsterdam will be similar to that of her sister vessels, the Chelmsford and Berlin.



CHARLES MITCHELL.